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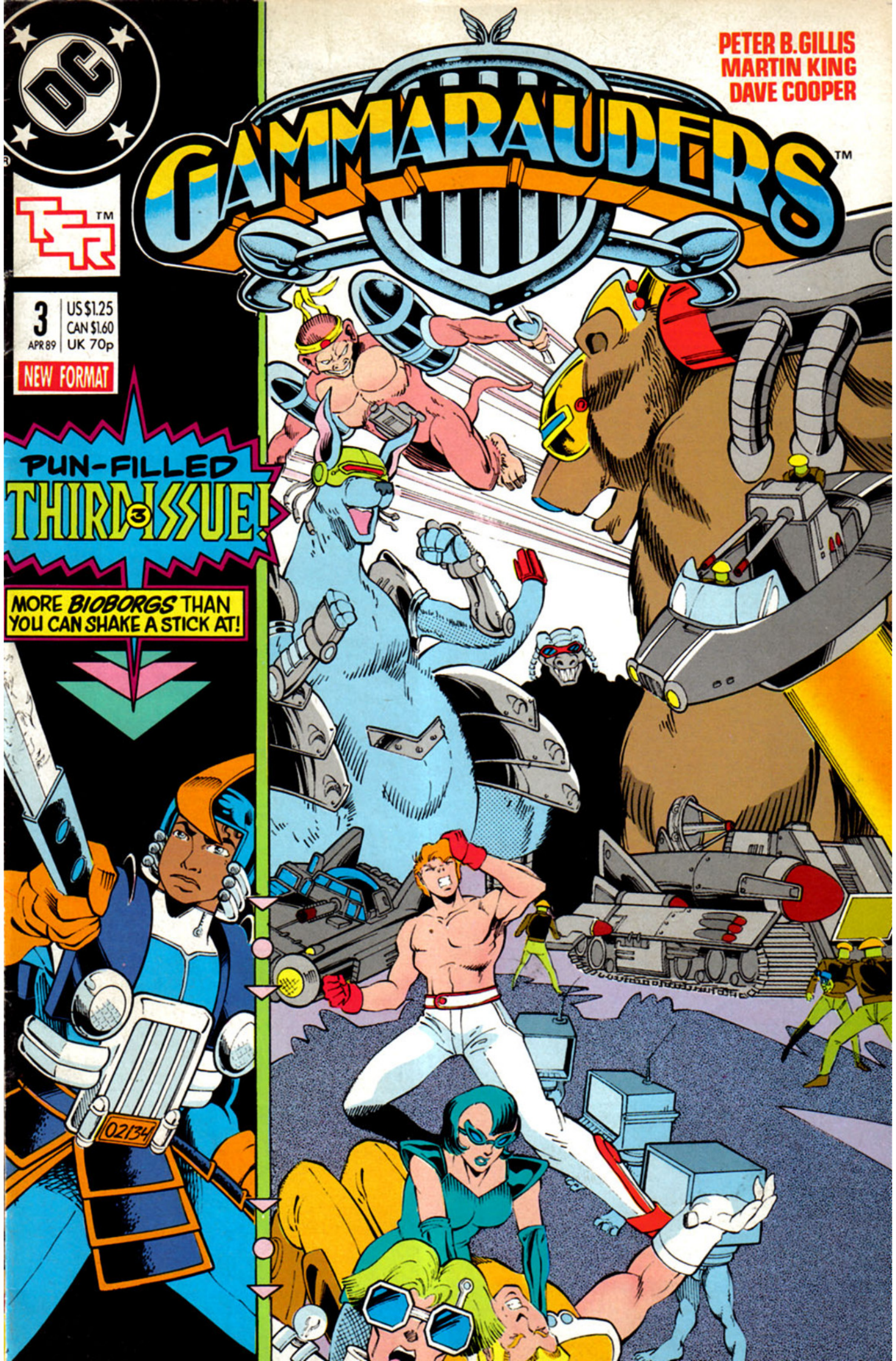
NEW FORMAT

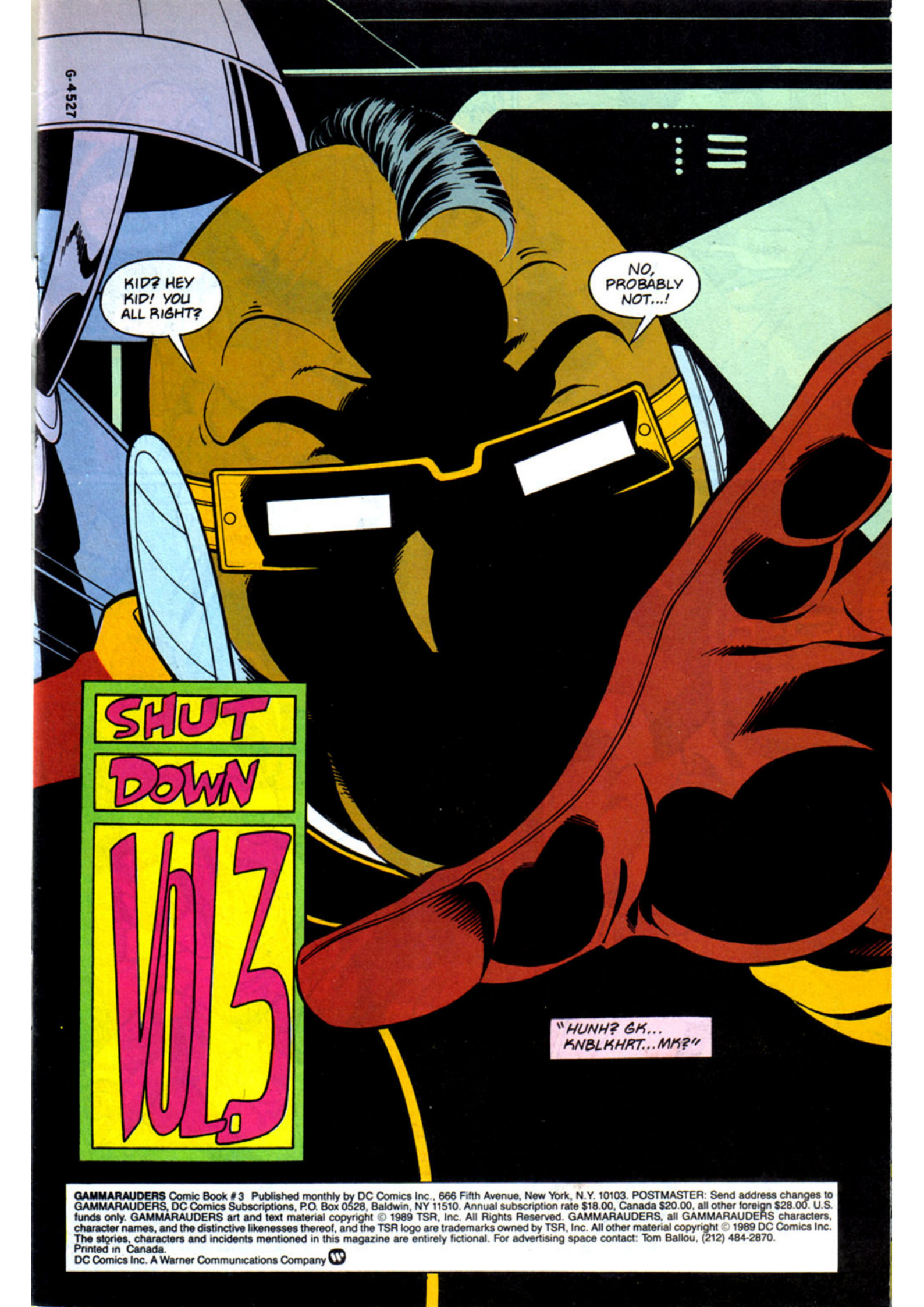
PETER B. GILLIS
MARTIN KING
DAVE COOPER

GAMMARAUDERS™

PUN-FILLED
THIRD ISSUE!

MORE *BIOBORGS* THAN
YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT!





KID? HEY
KID! YOU
ALL RIGHT?

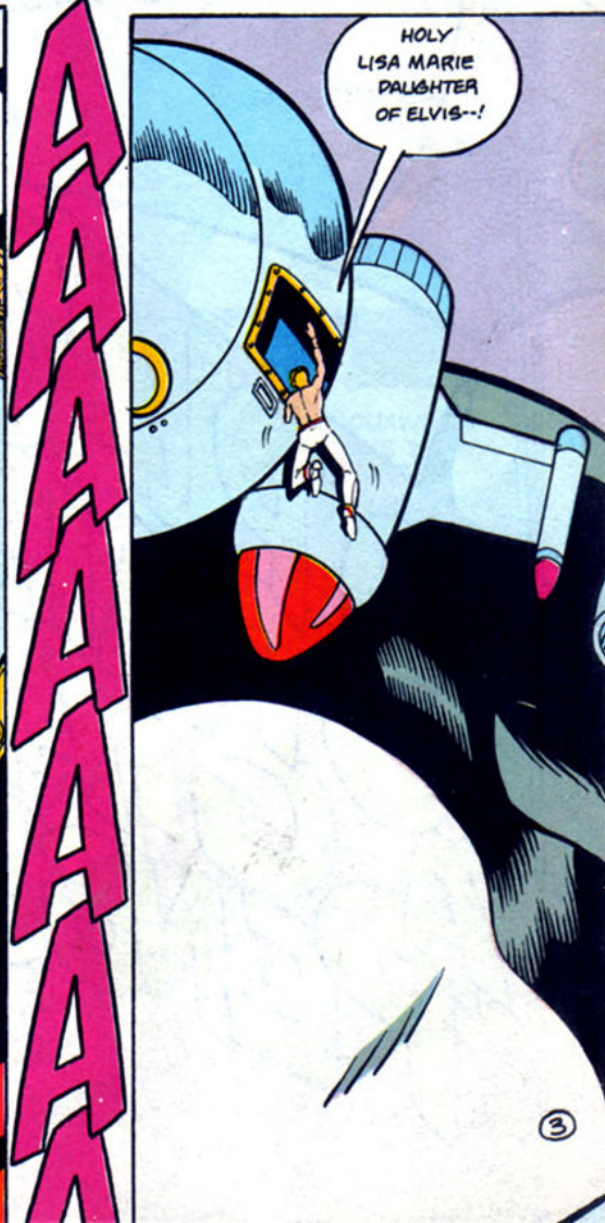
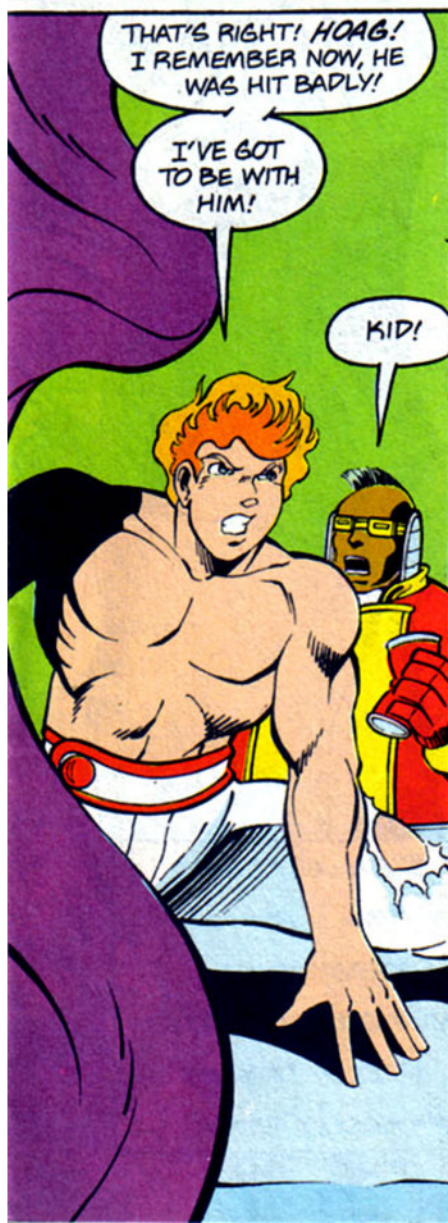
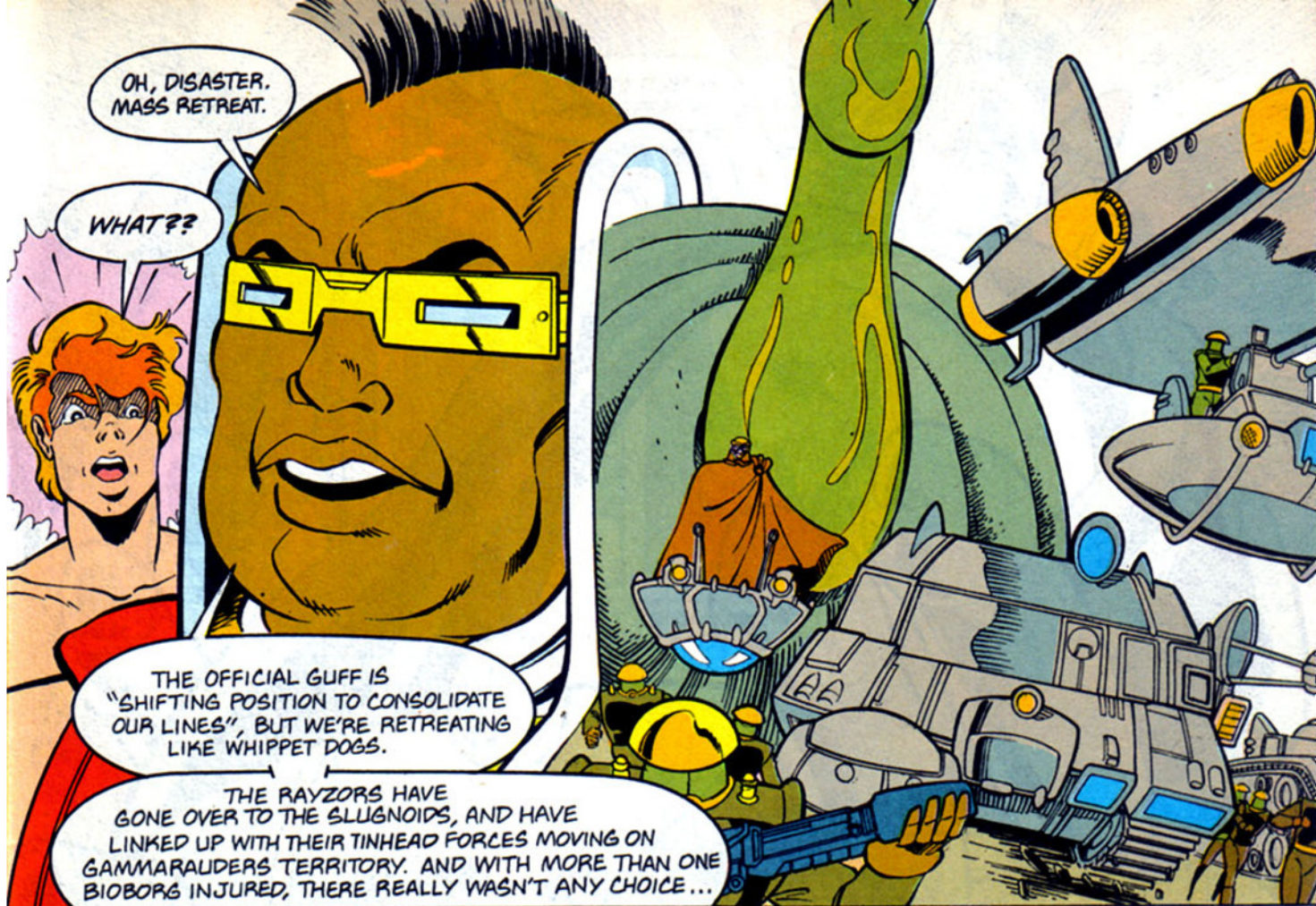
NO,
PROBABLY
NOT...!

SHUT

DOWN

WOLZ

"HUNH? GK...
KNBLKHRT...MK?"





HEY...THERE...
RALPHIE BOY!

HWH?



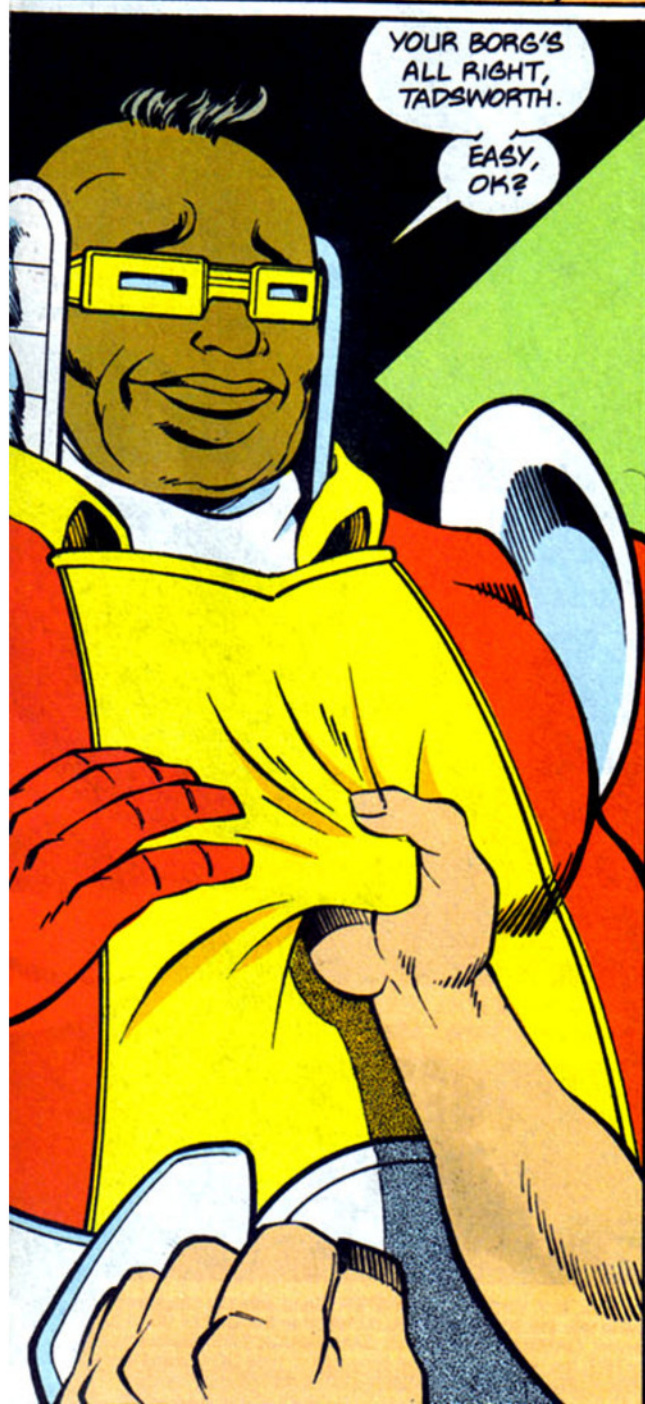
NO! YOU!
THE FIGHT!
HOAG!

MY
HEAD!



ALL RIGHT,
JEREMIAS--
WHAT THE FUDD'S
GOING ON?
TELL ME, OR--

LITTLE
BIT BETTER,
I GUESS.



YOUR BORG'S
ALL RIGHT,
TADSWORTH.

EASY,
OK?



I'M SORRY,
JIMBO.
MY HEAD--!



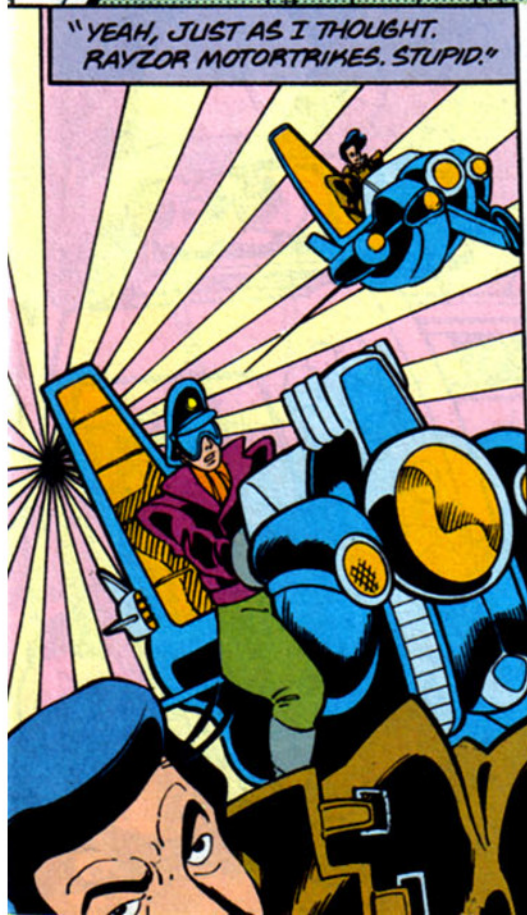
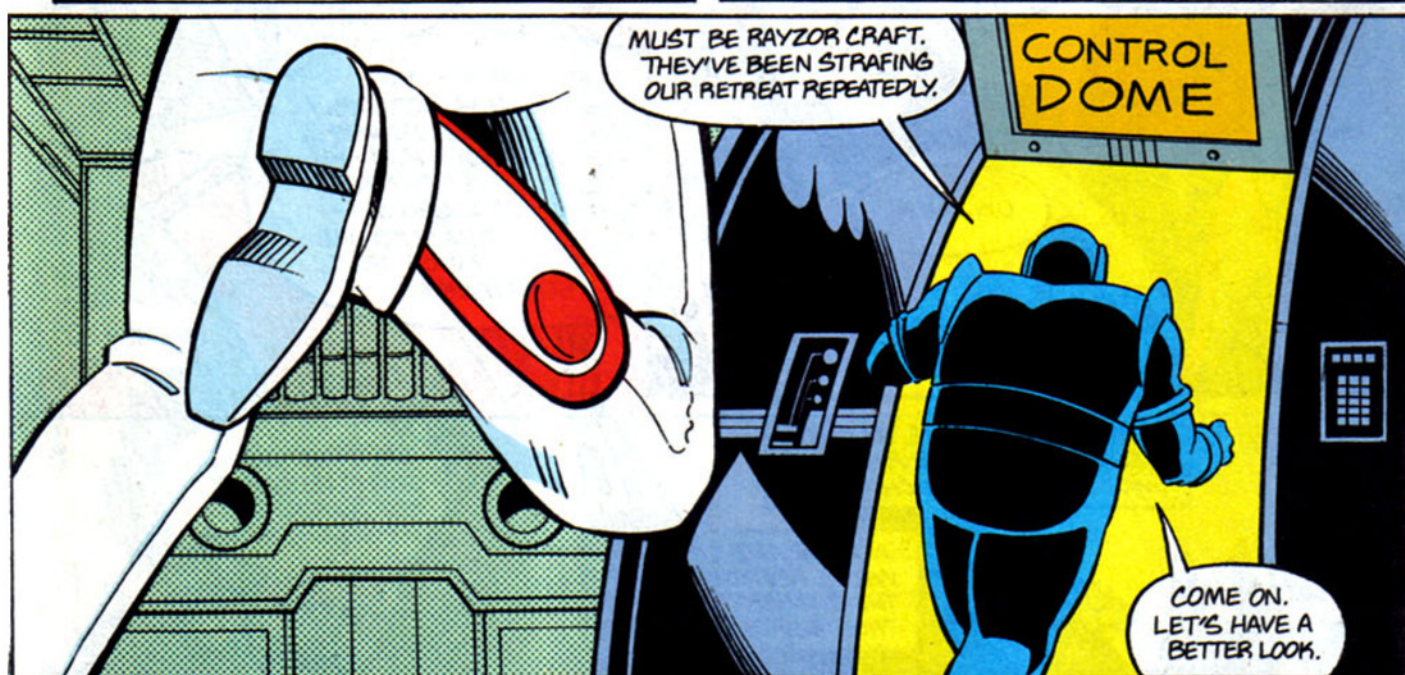
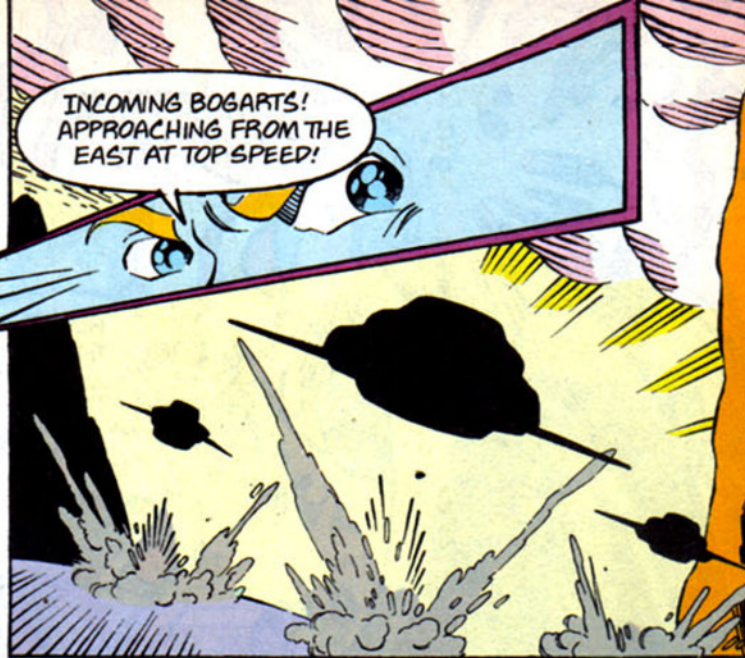
HAVE AN OKRA COLA.
GET YOUR MIND ON
YOUR MOUTH AND
NOT YOUR BRAIN.

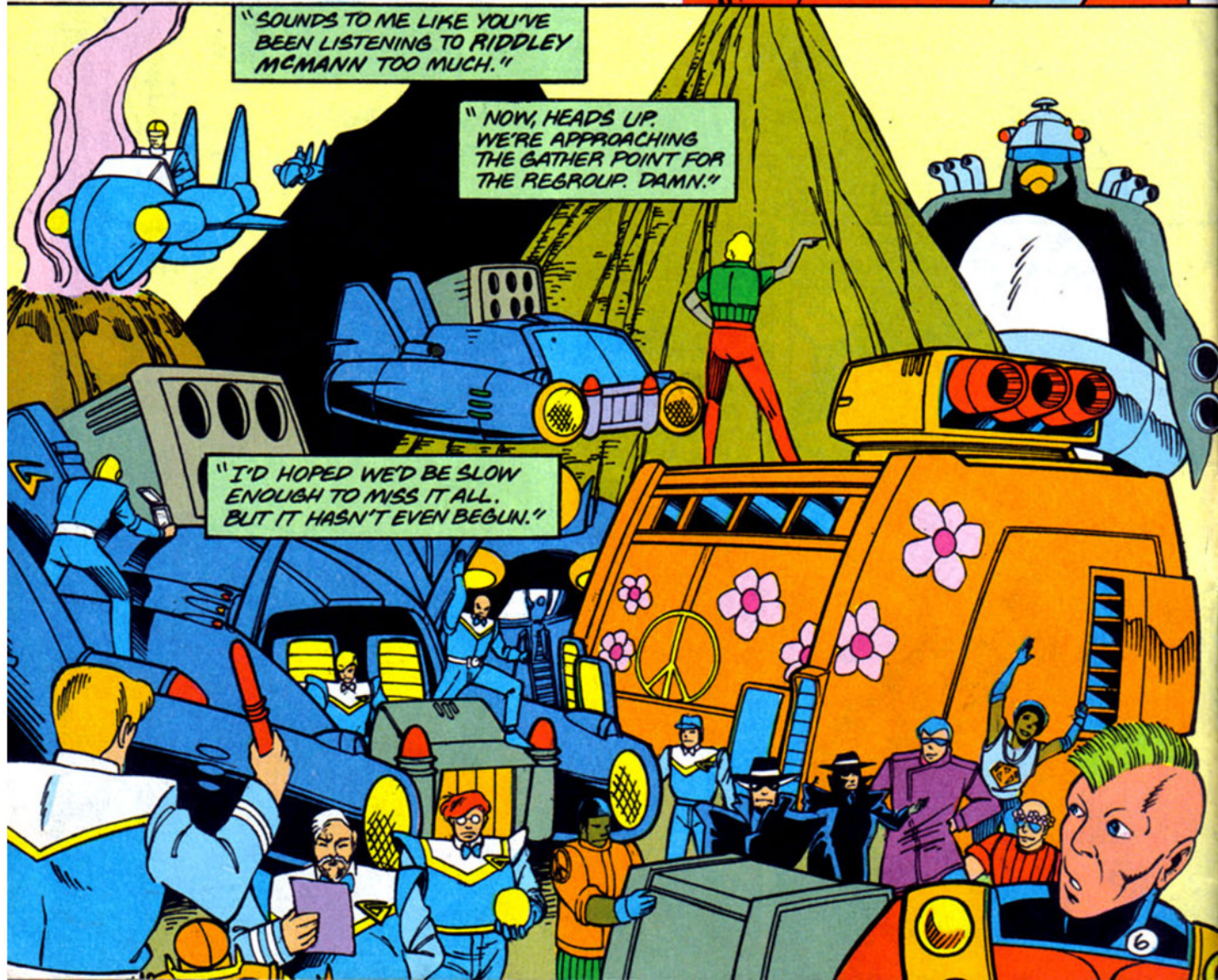
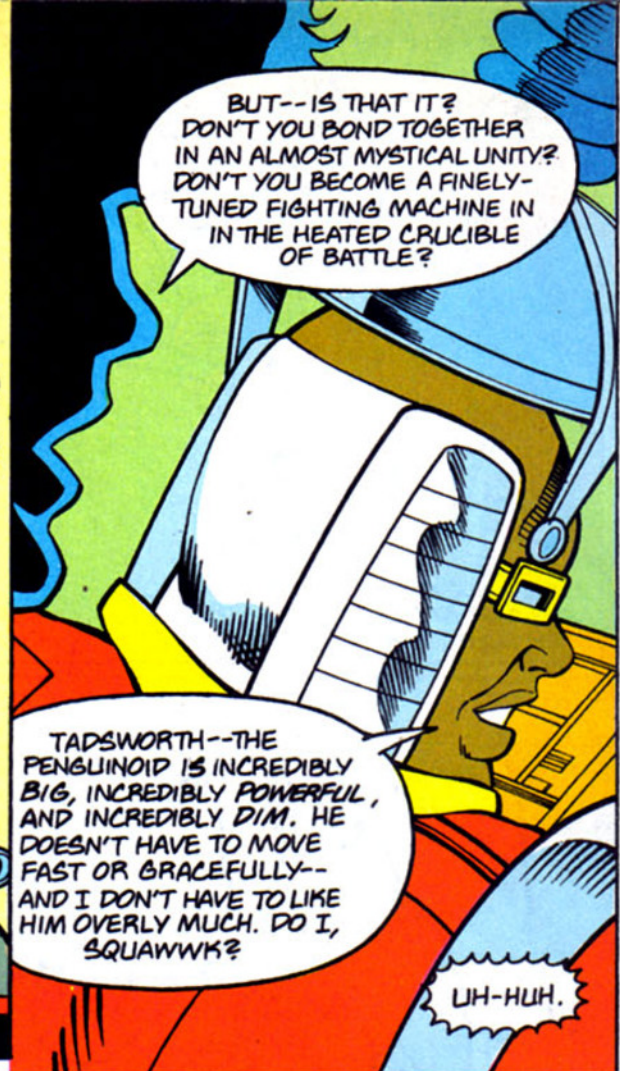
IF I HAVE
TO. HOW GOES
THE FIGHT?

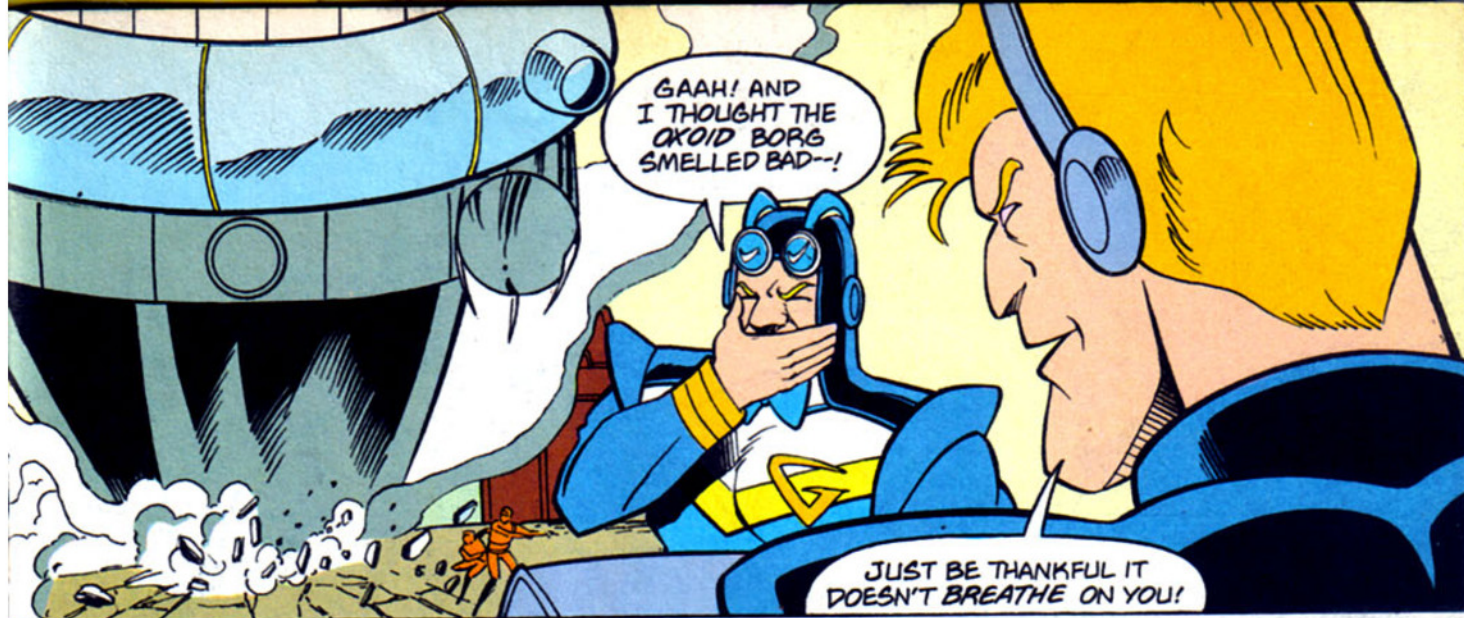
--ABOARD MY BIOBORG, JOK--!

NO PLACE
TO RAISE
A GIANT
PENGUIN!

PETER B GILLIS / STORY
MARTIN KING / PENCILS
DAVE COOPER / INKS
DUNCAN ANDREWS / LETTERS
DANIEL VOZZO / COLORS
BARBARA KESEL / EDITOR

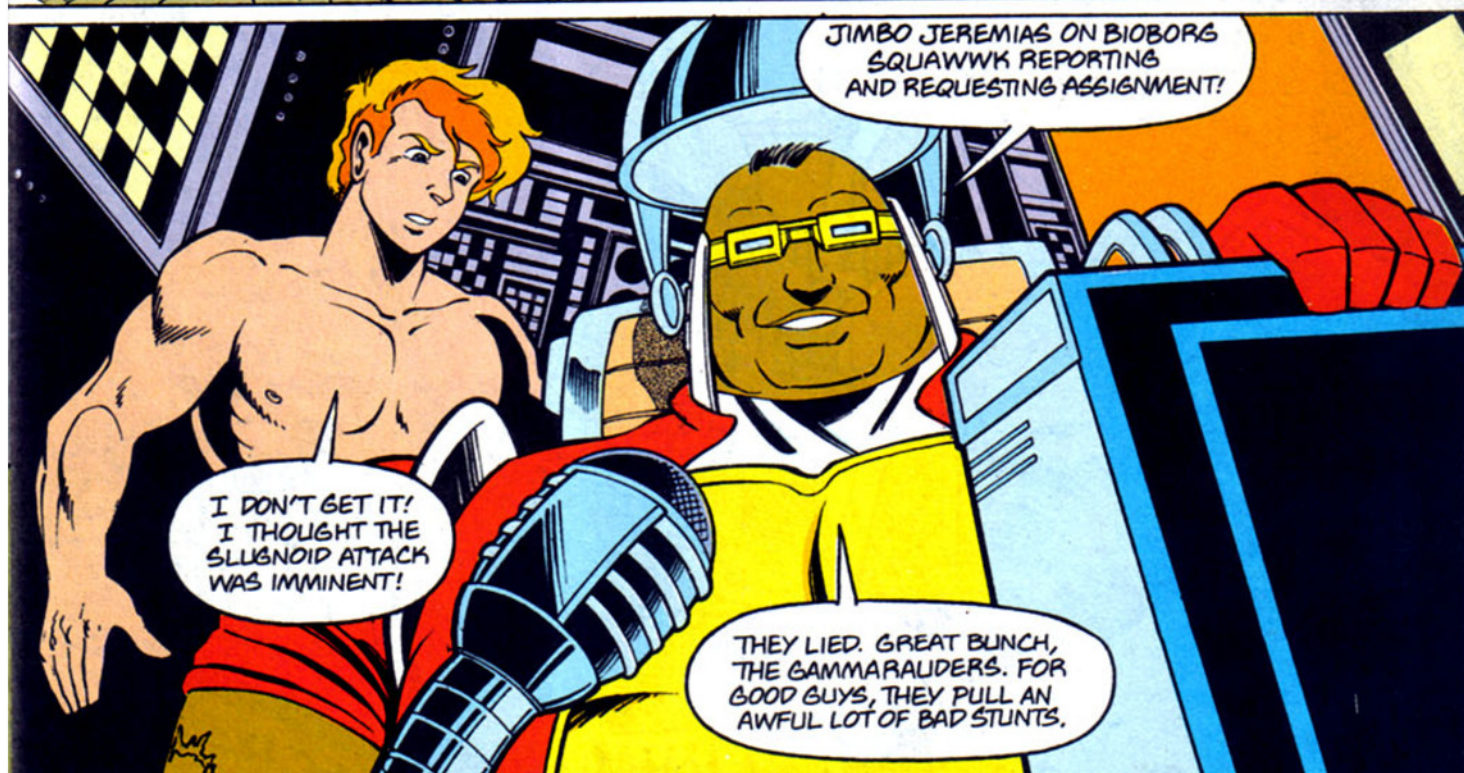






GAAH! AND I THOUGHT THE OXOID BORG SMELLED BAD--!

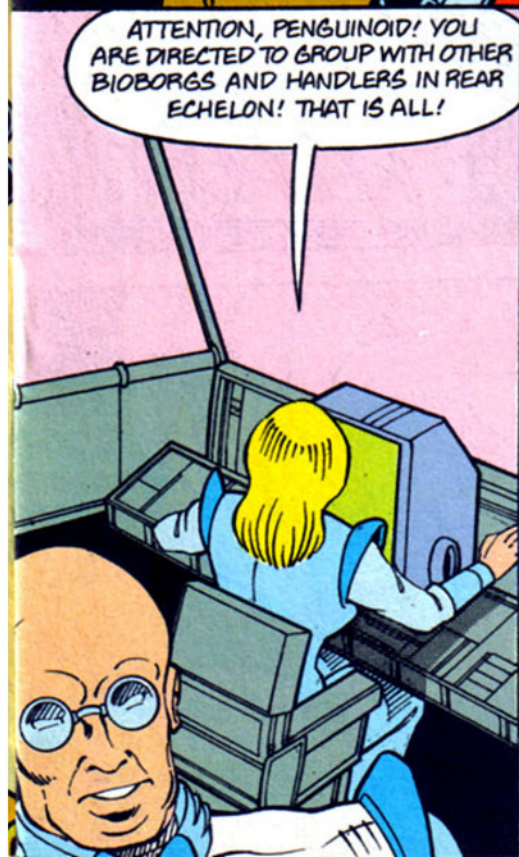
JUST BE THANKFUL IT DOESN'T BREATHE ON YOU!



I DON'T GET IT! I THOUGHT THE SLUGNOID ATTACK WAS IMMINENT!

JIMBO JEREMIAS ON BIOBORG SQUAWWK REPORTING AND REQUESTING ASSIGNMENT!

THEY LIED. GREAT BUNCH, THE GAMMARAUDERS. FOR GOOD GUYS, THEY PULL AN AWFUL LOT OF BAD STUNTS.



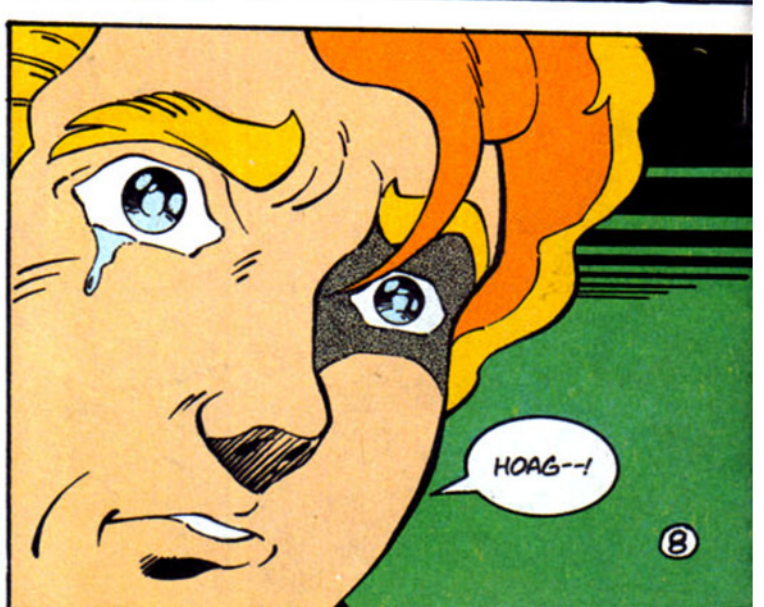
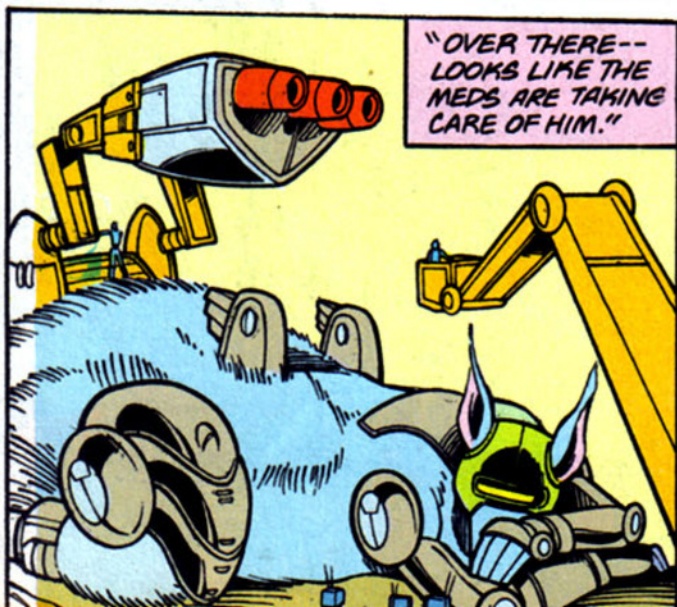
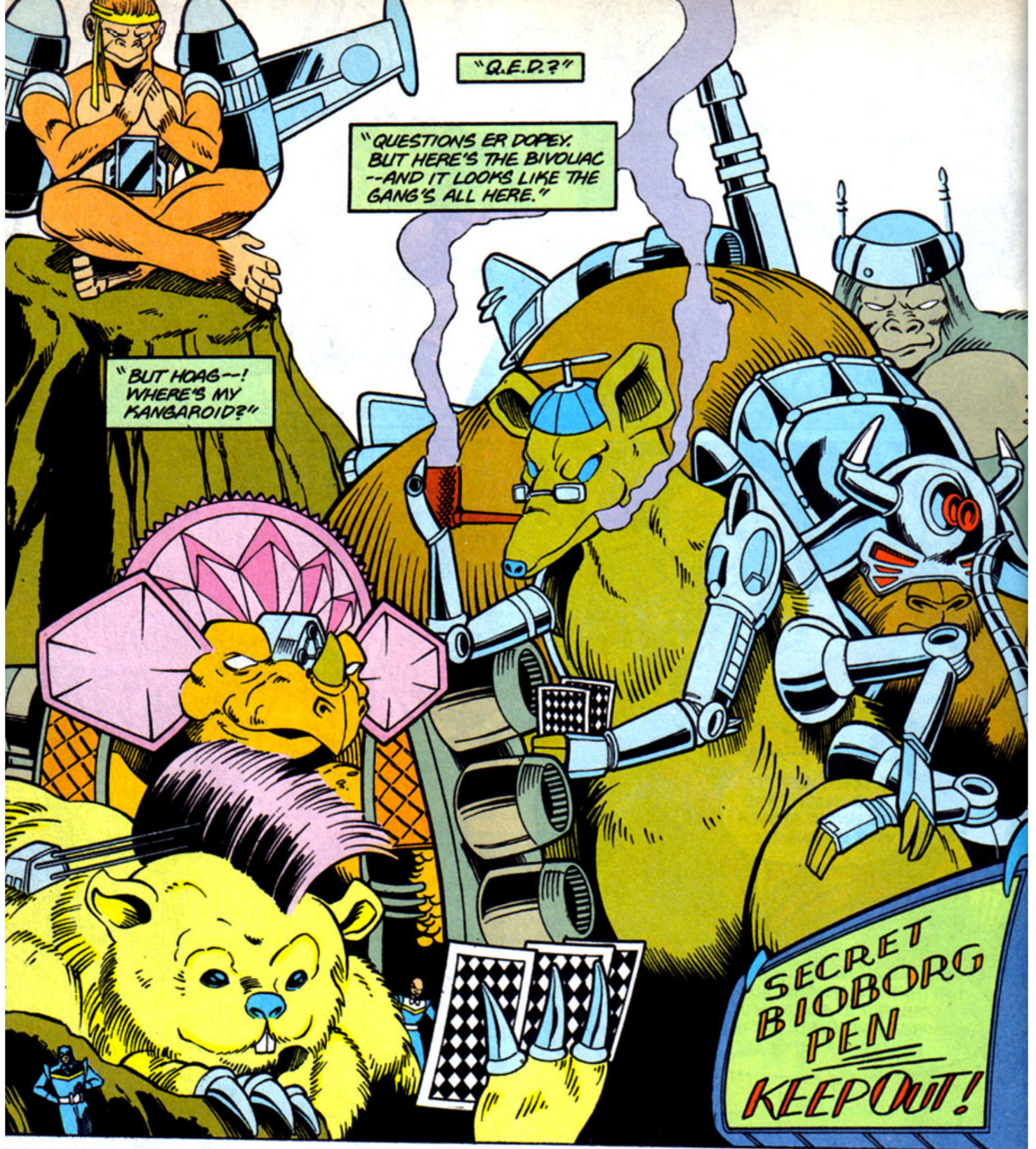
ATTENTION, PENGUINOID! YOU ARE DIRECTED TO GROUP WITH OTHER BIOBORGS AND HANDLERS IN REAR ECHELON! THAT IS ALL!

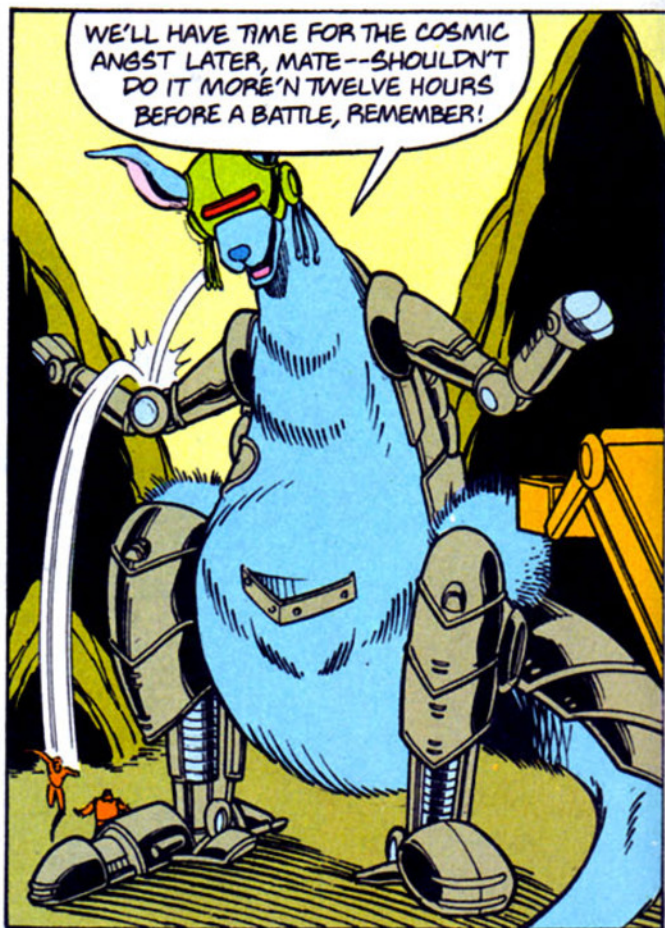
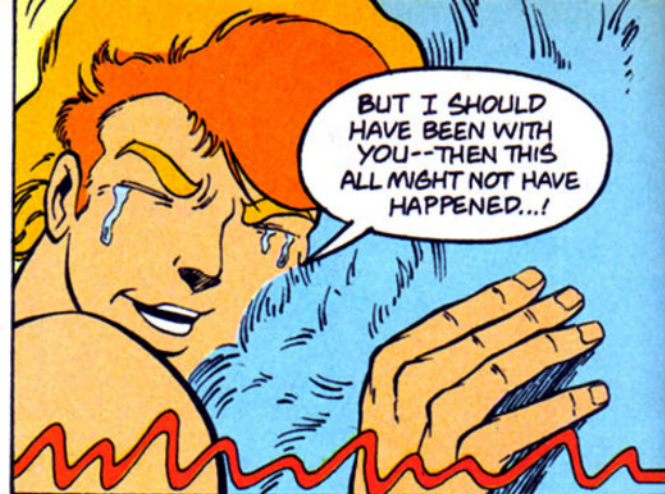
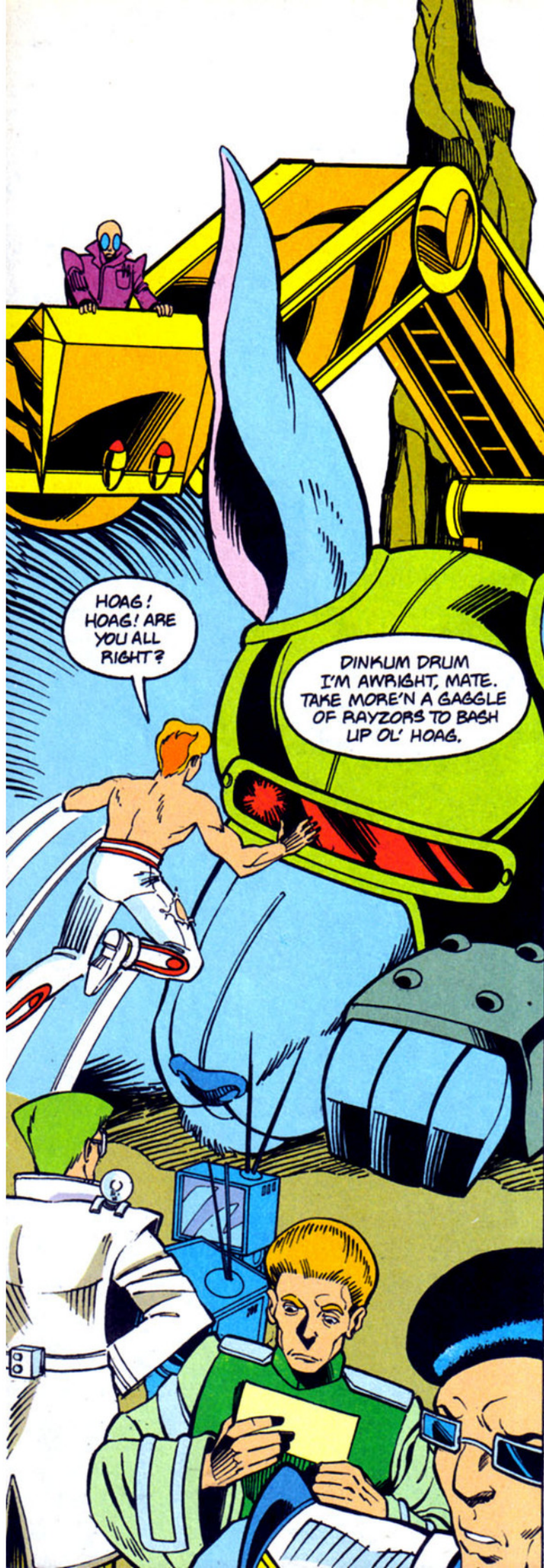
READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR--AND RECOMMEND YOU LOOK UP IN A DICTIONARY THE WORD "THE". HAVE A NICE DAY!

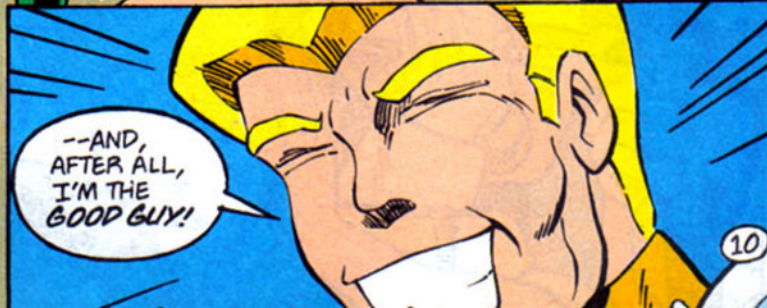
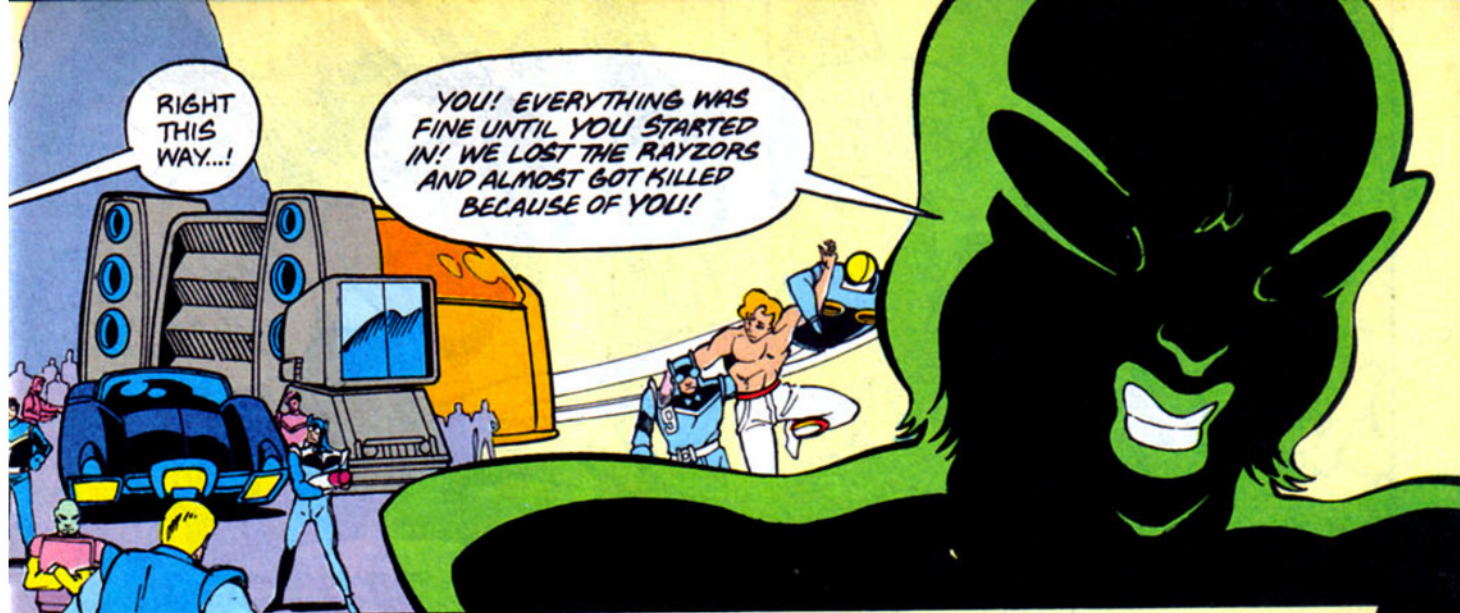


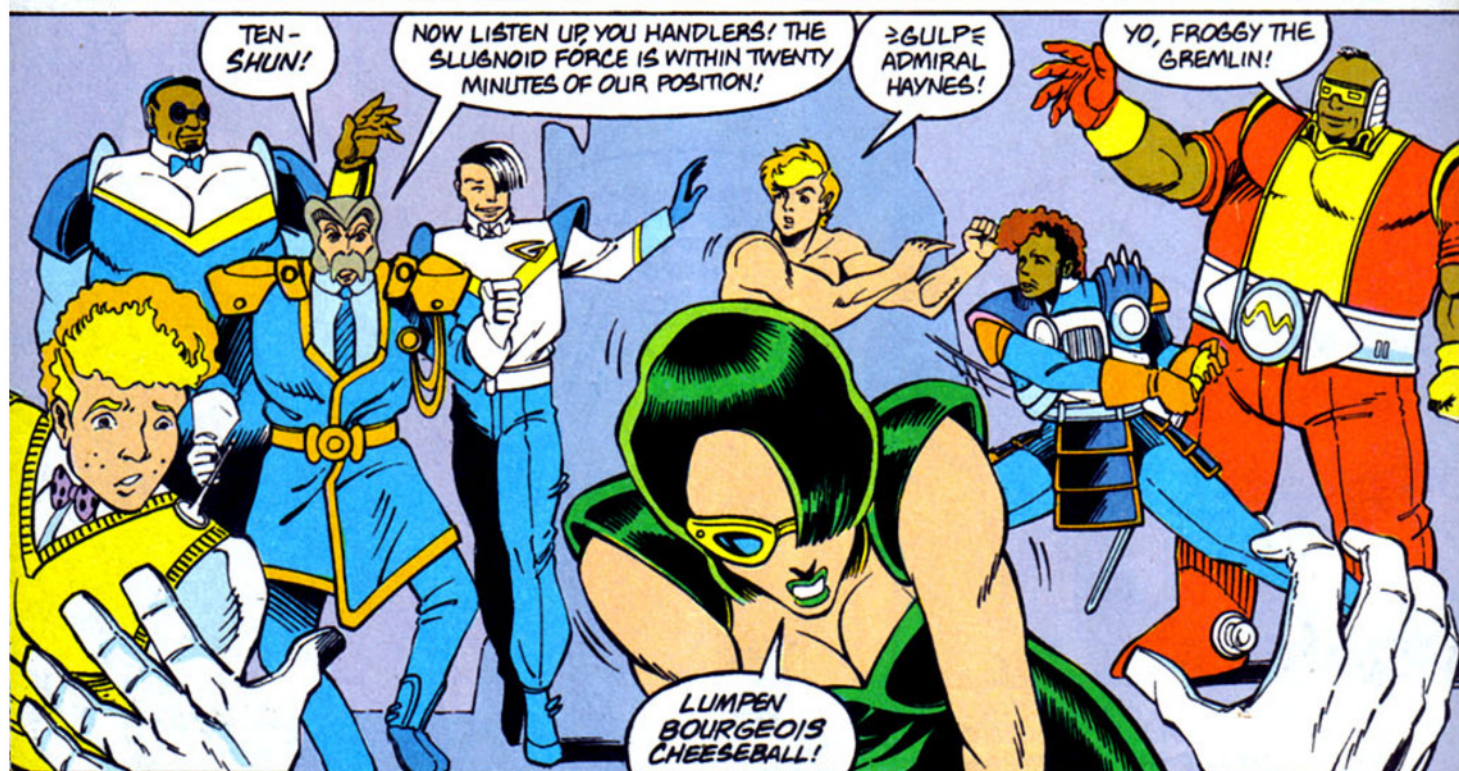
JIMBO--DOESN'T IT DIMINISH YOUR ENTHUSIASM, I MEAN, SOME-TIMES?

YOU CAN'T GO DOWN FROM ZERO, KID. I JUST HAPPEN TO THINK THAT THE BEST WAY TO SURVIVE THE GAMMA AGE IS INSIDE THE BIGGEST FIGHTING MACHINE I CAN FIND. Q.E.D.

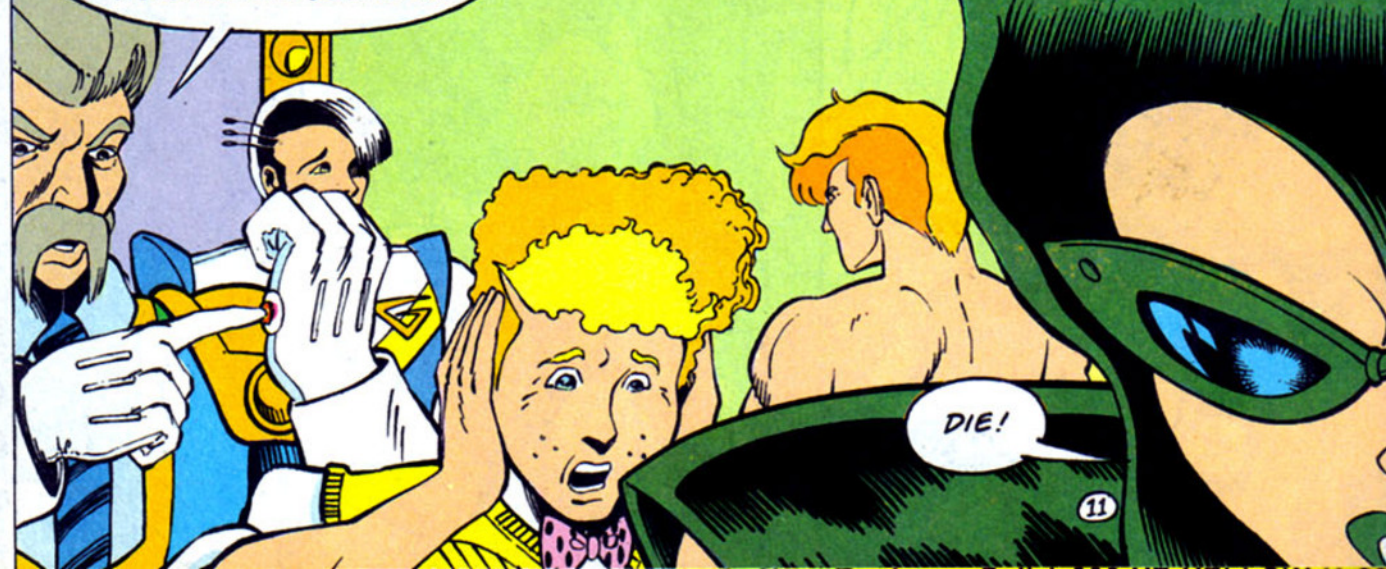


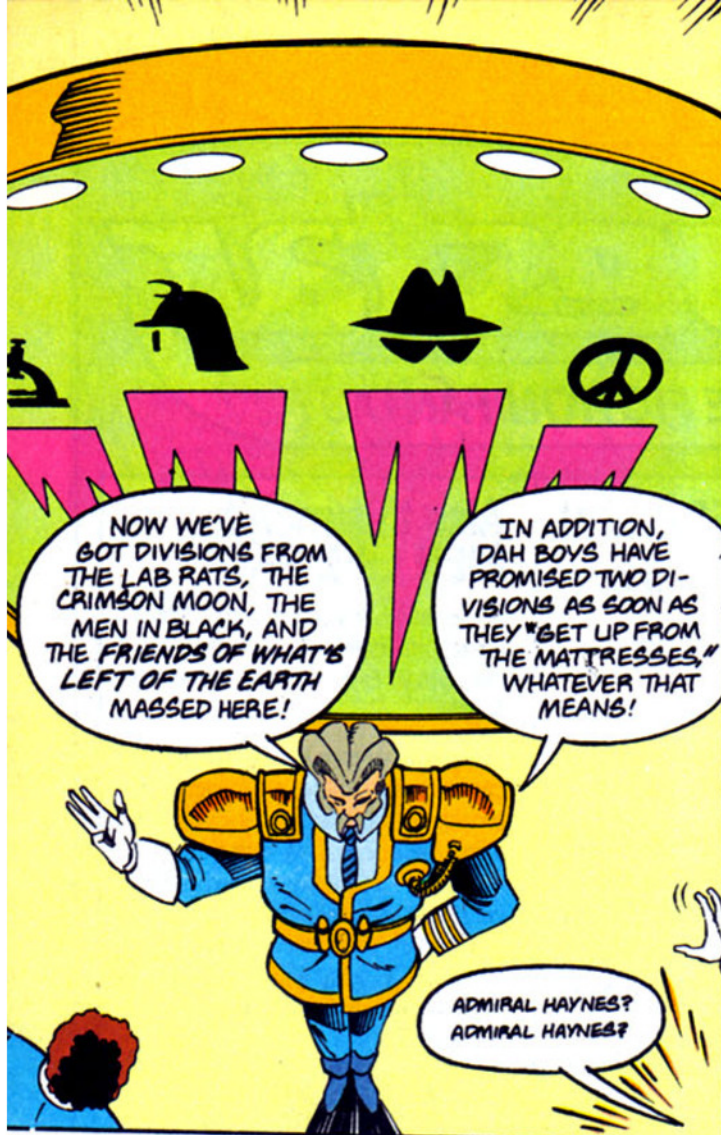






WE'RE GOING TO PULL THROUGH THIS CRISIS
TOGETHER, OR WE'LL BLOW IT IF WE ACT
LIKE A BUNCH OF CHEESE--ER, SPOILED TEEN-
AGERS! REMEMBER, A CHAIN IS ONLY AS
STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST LINK! WE
MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER, OR
WE'LL ALL HANG SEPARATELY!

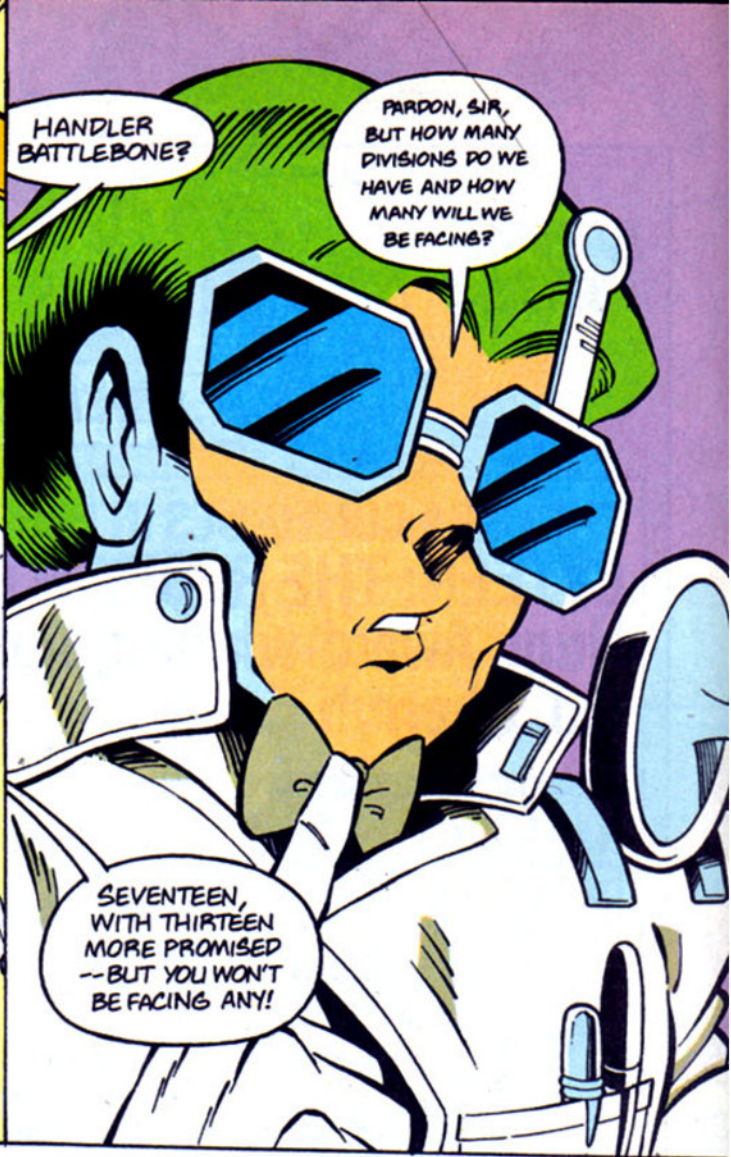




NOW WE'VE GOT DIVISIONS FROM THE LAB RATS, THE CRIMSON MOON, THE MEN IN BLACK, AND THE FRIENDS OF WHAT'S LEFT OF THE EARTH MASSED HERE!

IN ADDITION, DAH BOYS HAVE PROMISED TWO DIVISIONS AS SOON AS THEY "GET UP FROM THE MATTRESSES," WHATEVER THAT MEANS!

ADMIRAL HAYNES?
ADMIRAL HAYNES?



HANDLER BATTLEBONE?

PARDON, SIR, BUT HOW MANY DIVISIONS DO WE HAVE AND HOW MANY WILL WE BE FACING?

SEVENTEEN, WITH THIRTEEN MORE PROMISED -- BUT YOU WON'T BE FACING ANY!



SAY WHAT?

AS YOU WERE, TADSWORTH! WE'RE HOLDING YOU IN RESERVE, IN CASE THOSE REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE CRYPTIC ALLIANCES DON'T ARRIVE! I KNOW YOU WANT TO BE OUT THERE--BUT YOU'LL BE OUR LAST LINE OF DEFENSE!



BUT--

DIS-MISSED!



SO HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THINK THE FROGGER STILL HAS ALL HIS MARVELS?

WELL, HE HAS HIS SOURCES OF INFORMATION-- BUT MAYBE WE DO, TOO!

HUH? YOU MEAN THE FACTOIDS?

BUT THEY JUST SPOUT
HYPERTALK GIBBERISH MOST
OF THE TIME! WE DON'T HAVE
TIME TO DOPE IT OUT!

HELLO,
FACTOID.

HOW MANY
SLUGNOID DIVISIONS
ARE WE FACING?

HELLO, JOK.

ALL OF THEM.

I MEAN A
NUMBER,
PLEASE.

128 DIVISIONS,
23 SUPPORT
DIVISIONS, 3
BIOBORGS AND
SEVEN MOBILE
FORTRESSES NOT
DUE UNTIL THE
DAY AFTER
TOMORROW.

BY THE
GREAT HOUN'
DOG--!

I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU JUST GOT *USEFUL*
INFO OUT OF A
FACTOID, JOK.

BUT 128
DIVISIONS--THAT
IS THE WHOLE
SLUGNOID ALLIANCE!
WE DON'T STAND
A CHANCE!

THE KIRWARD--
BUT THOSE ARE
JUST LEGENDS
FROM THE
GOLDEN AGE!
WHAT--

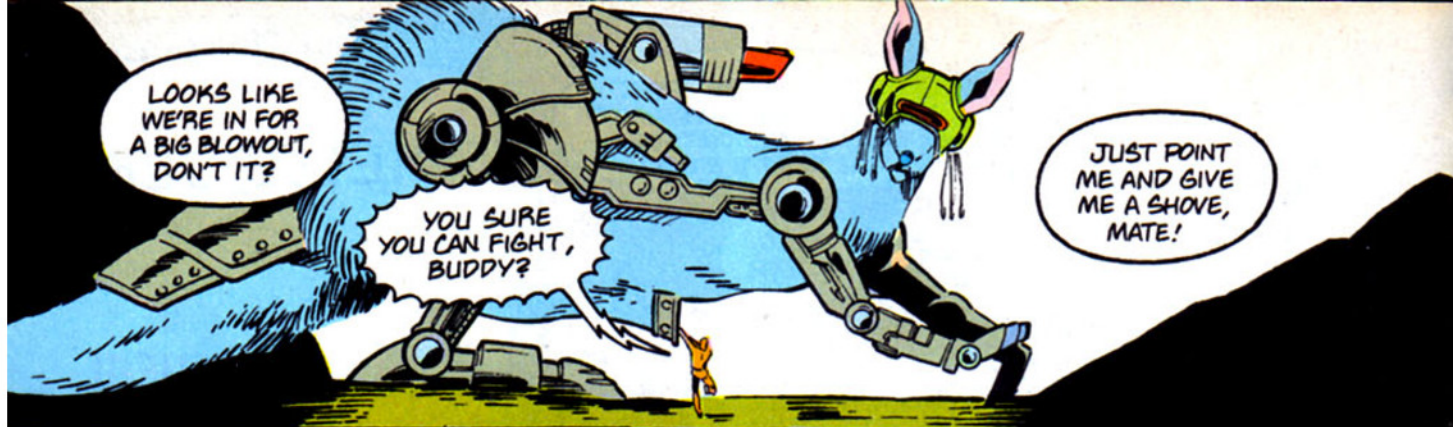
NO TIME
FOR THAT
--LISTEN!

NOT
NECESSARILY.

YOU ARE BRAVE
AND STRONG AND
ONCE YOU HAVE
THE SWORD THAT
WAS BROKEN, THE
RING AROUND THE
COLLAR, AND THE
KIRWARD DERBY,
YOU MAY YET
SAVE THE GAMMA
AGE!

AOOOAH AOOO

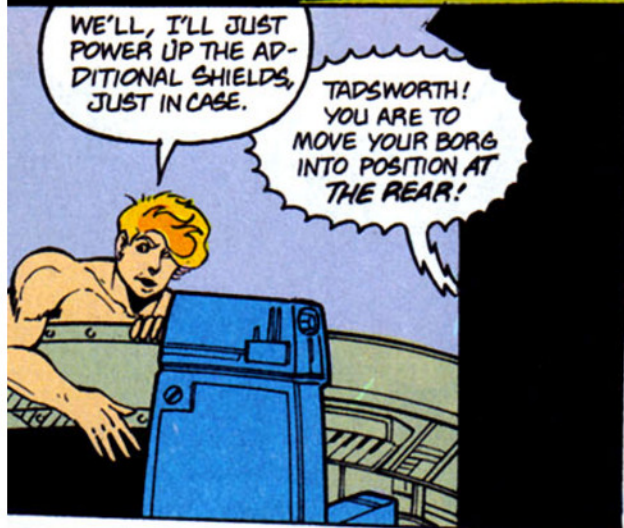
SADDLE UP,
HANDLERS--IT'S
MYLAR TIME!



LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE IN FOR
A BIG BLOWOUT,
DON'T IT?

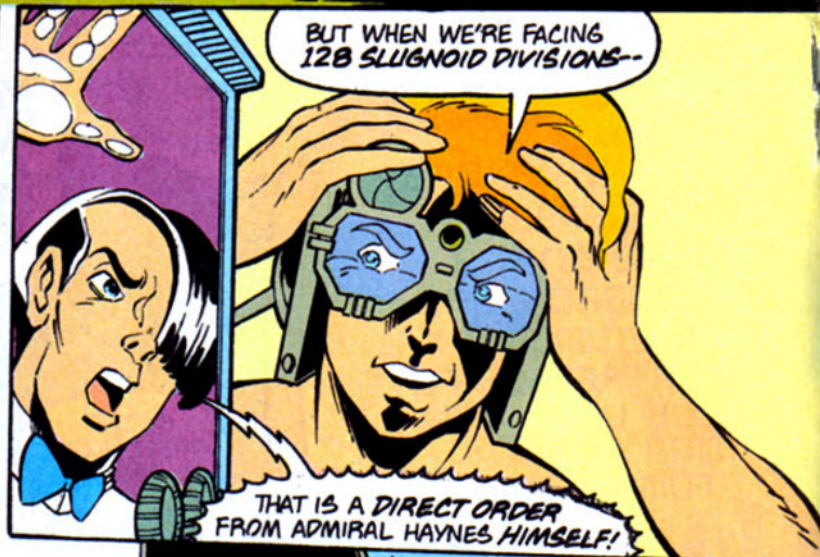
YOU SURE
YOU CAN FIGHT,
BUDDY?

JUST POINT
ME AND GIVE
ME A SHOVE,
MATE!



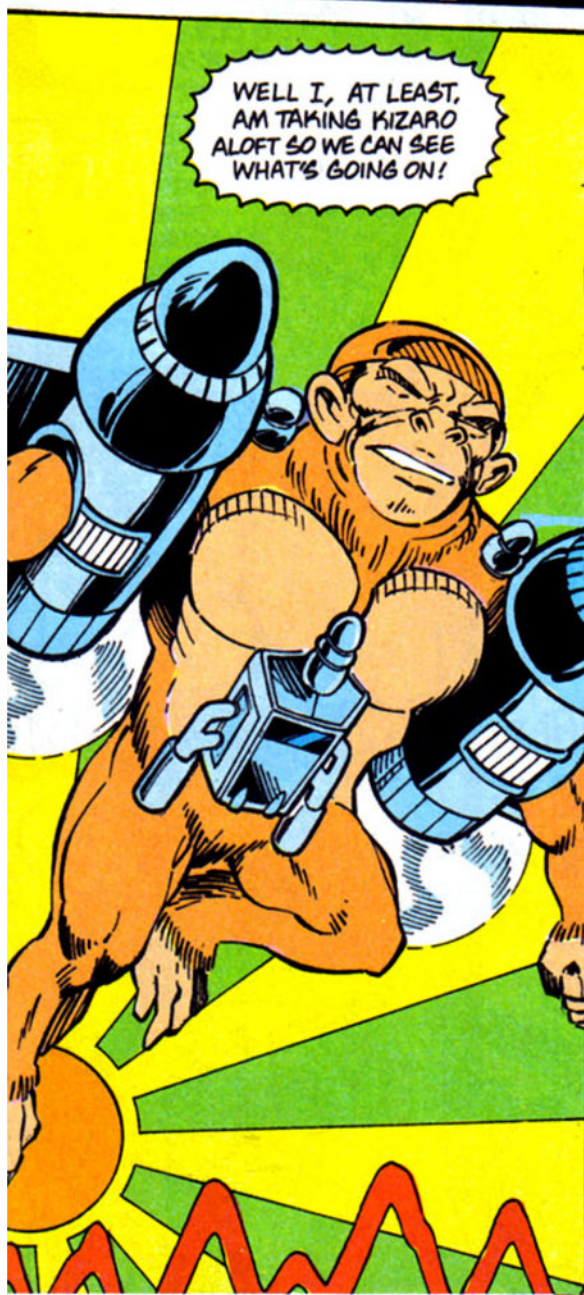
WE'LL, I'LL JUST
POWER UP THE AD-
DITIONAL SHIELDS,
JUST IN CASE.

TADSWORTH!
YOU ARE TO
MOVE YOUR BORG
INTO POSITION AT
THE REAR!

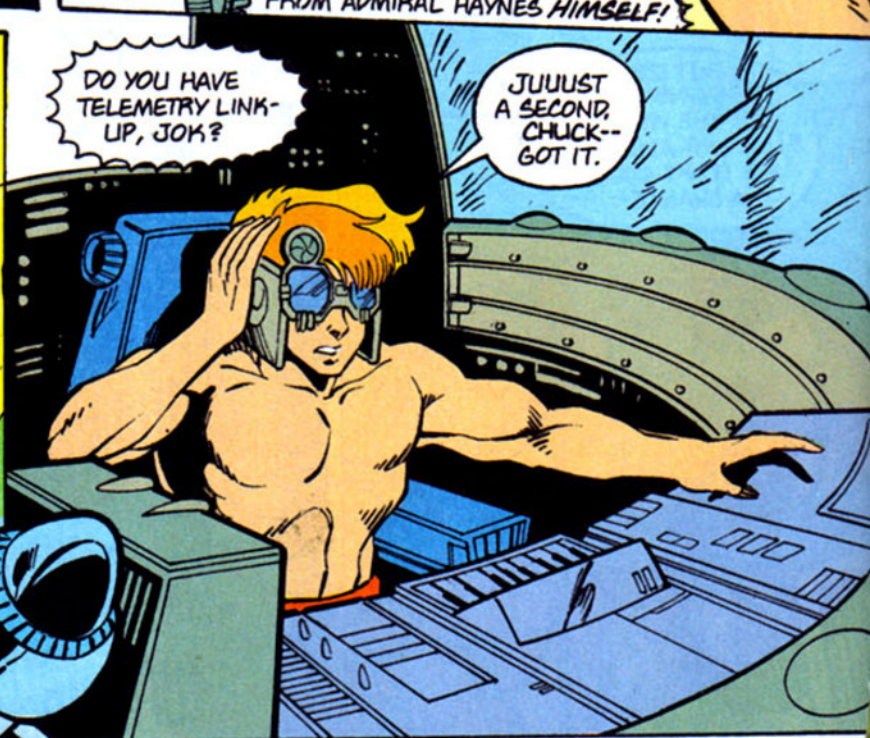


BUT WHEN WE'RE FACING
128 SLUGNOID DIVISIONS--

THAT IS A DIRECT ORDER
FROM ADMIRAL HAYNES HIMSELF!

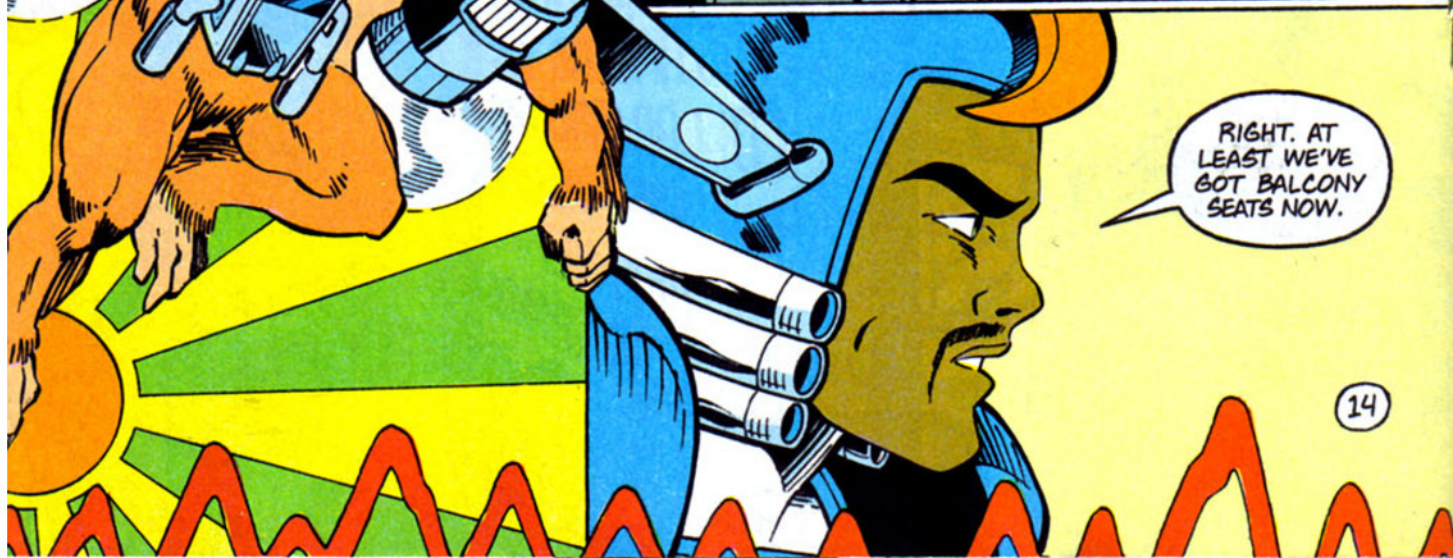


WELL I, AT LEAST,
AM TAKING KIZARO
ALOFT SO WE CAN SEE
WHAT'S GOING ON!



DO YOU HAVE
TELEMETRY LINK-
UP, JOK?

JUUUST
A SECOND,
CHUCK--
GOT IT.



RIGHT. AT
LEAST WE'VE
GOT BALCONY
SEATS NOW.



ATTENTION, ALL SLUGNOID
COMMANDERS! THE PITIFUL
FORCES OF THE GAMMARAUDEES
HAVE MASSED THEMSELVES BE-
FORE US--AND TO NO AVAIL! THE
POOR TREMBLING EFFLUVIA OF
A DROWNED DREAM STANDS
NAKED--

GET ON
WITH IT.

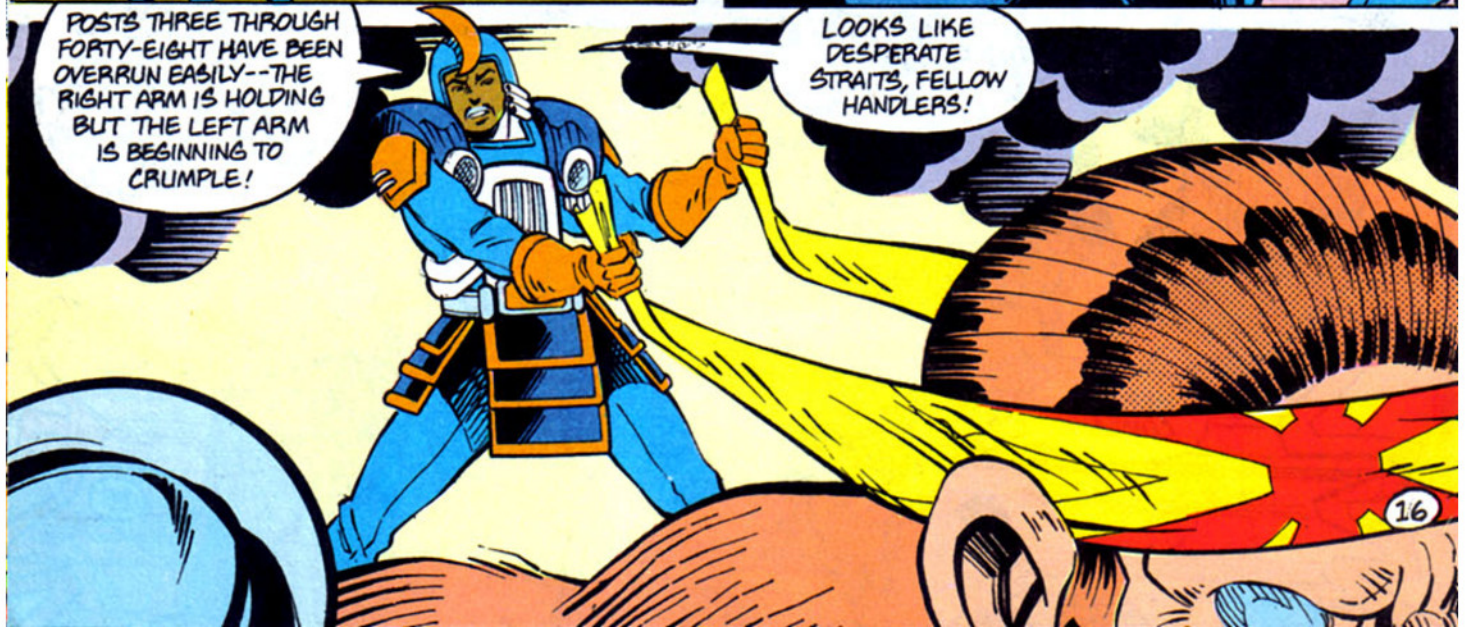
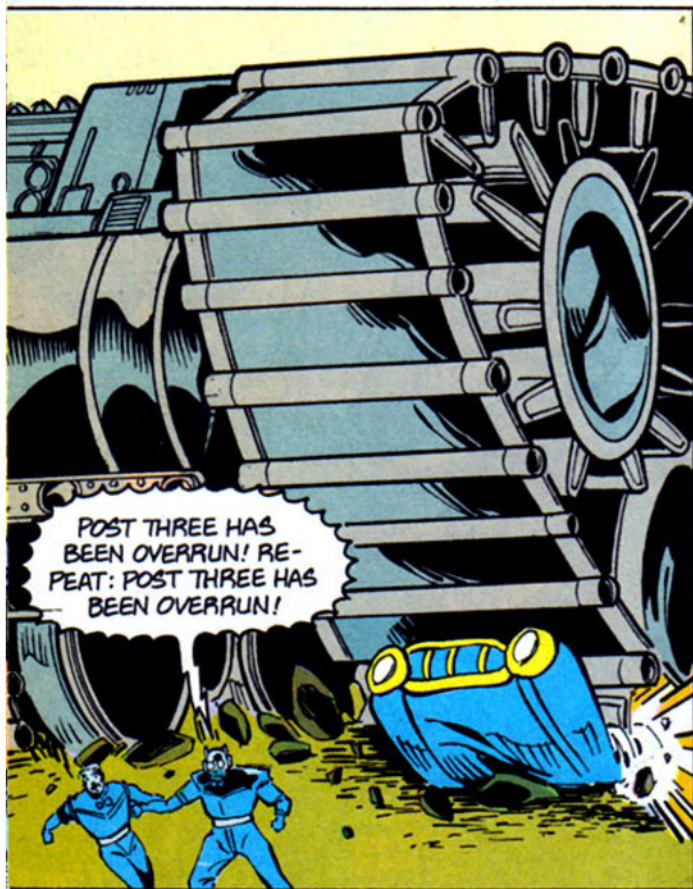
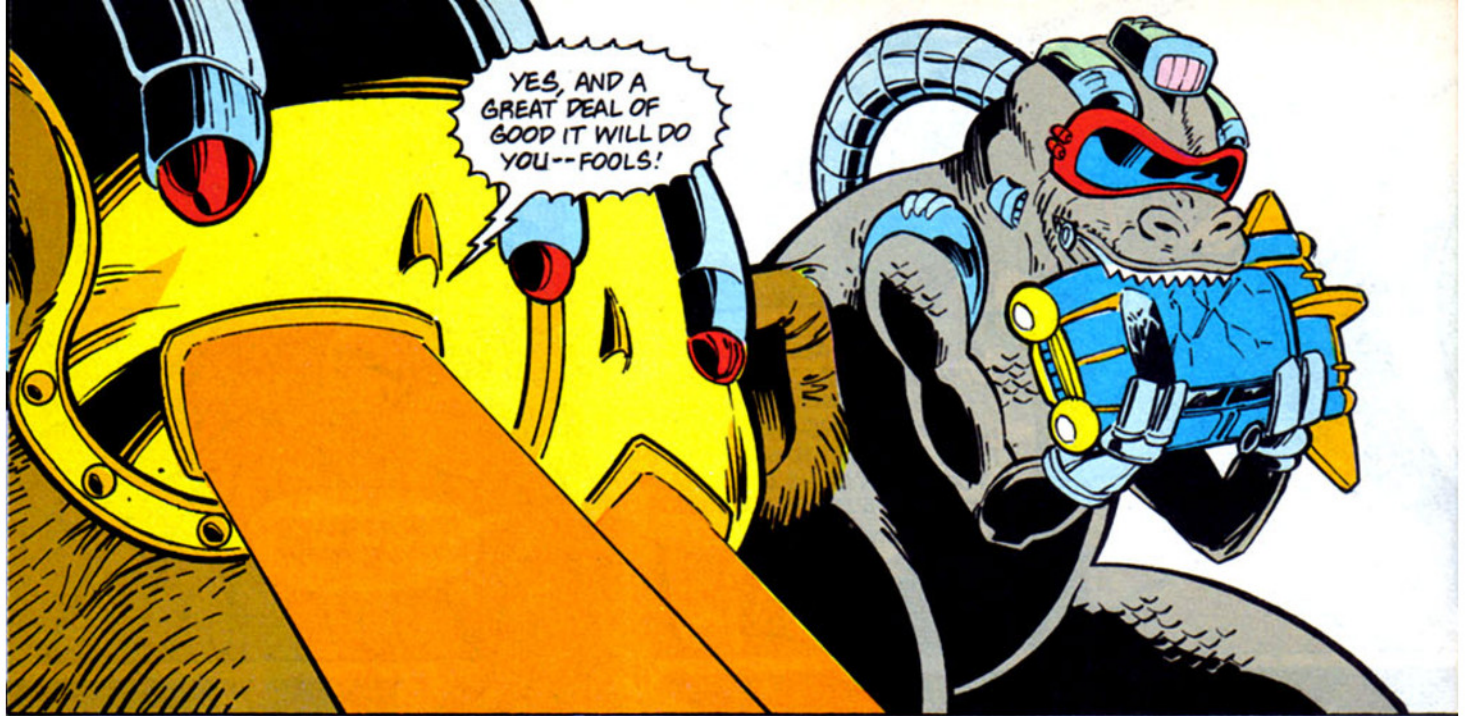
WE ADVANCE
TO VICTORY!



FORWARD THE
BIOBORGS! GRUZ THE
URSINOID, ELVIN THE
TYREXIAN, SCAV THE
VULTURIAN--ATTACK!

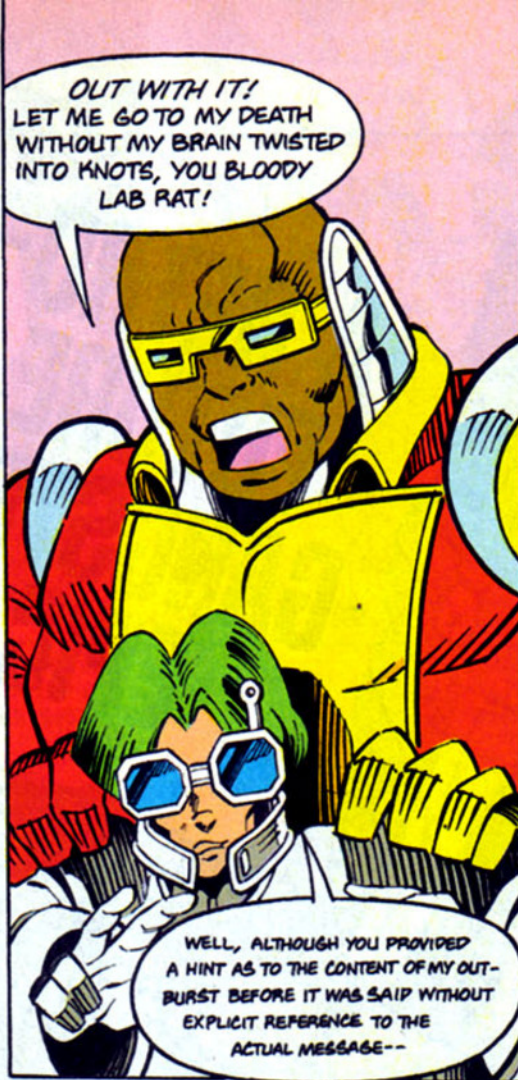
HERE IT
COMES--!

GAMMARAUDEES
--AT YOUR STATIONS!





I THINK THAT THE OCCASION IS SUCH THAT I COME OUT AND SAY WHAT I THINK EVERYONE WANTS TO SAY BUT IS WAITING FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME OR PERHAPS ME SPECIFICALLY TO COME OUT AND SAY AND THUS ENABLE EVERYONE TO SAY IT WITHOUT THE PENALTY AND RISK OF BEING THE FIRST ONE TO SAY WHAT WE ALL WANT TO SAY...



OUT WITH IT!
LET ME GO TO MY DEATH WITHOUT MY BRAIN TWISTED INTO KNOTS, YOU BLOODY LAB RAT!

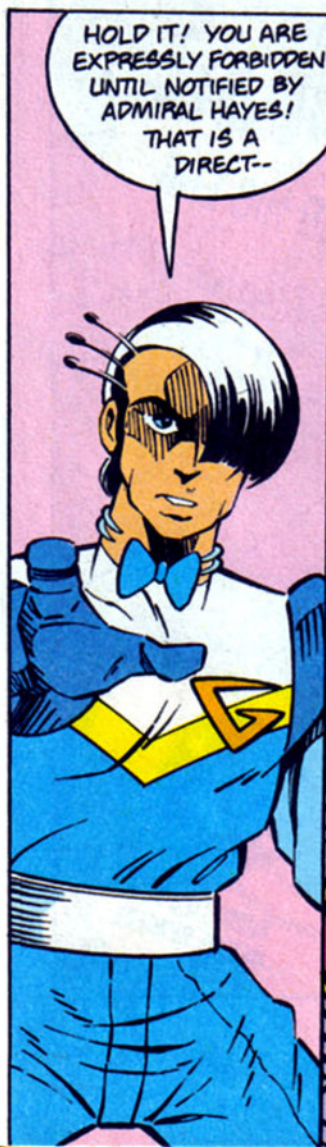
WELL, ALTHOUGH YOU PROVIDED A HINT AS TO THE CONTENT OF MY OUTBURST BEFORE IT WAS SAID WITHOUT EXPLICIT REFERENCE TO THE ACTUAL MESSAGE--



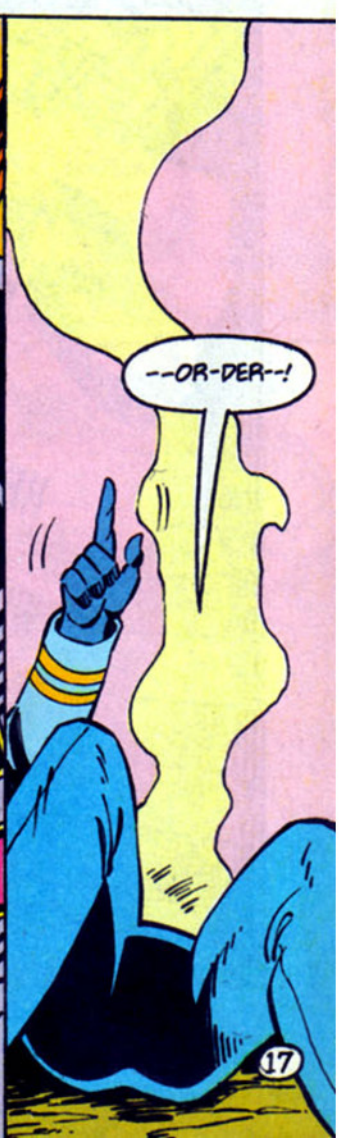
--IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE BURDEN IS STILL ON MY SHOULDERS, IF A BIT LIGHTER SINCE I'M CONFIRMED IN MY SUSPICION THAT WHAT I THINK WE ALL WANT TO SAY IS REASONABLY CLOSE TO WHAT WE DO WANT TO SAY, NAMELY THAT WE DISOBEY THE ADMIRAL AND MOBILIZE--

IN OTHER WORDS, WE FIGHT!

BIO-BORGS--
ARE--
GO!



HOLD IT! YOU ARE EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN UNTIL NOTIFIED BY ADMIRAL HAYES! THAT IS A DIRECT--

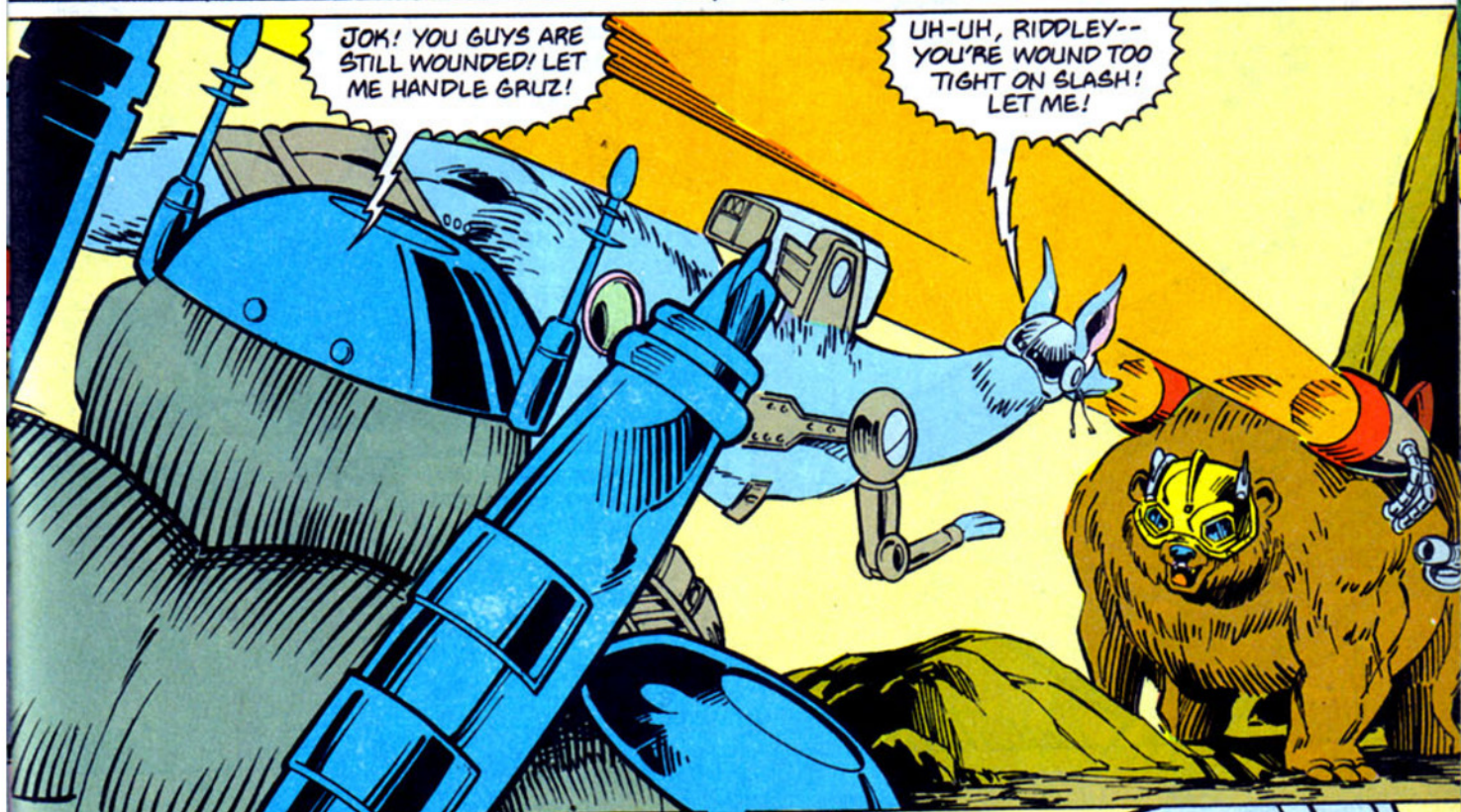


--OR-DER--!



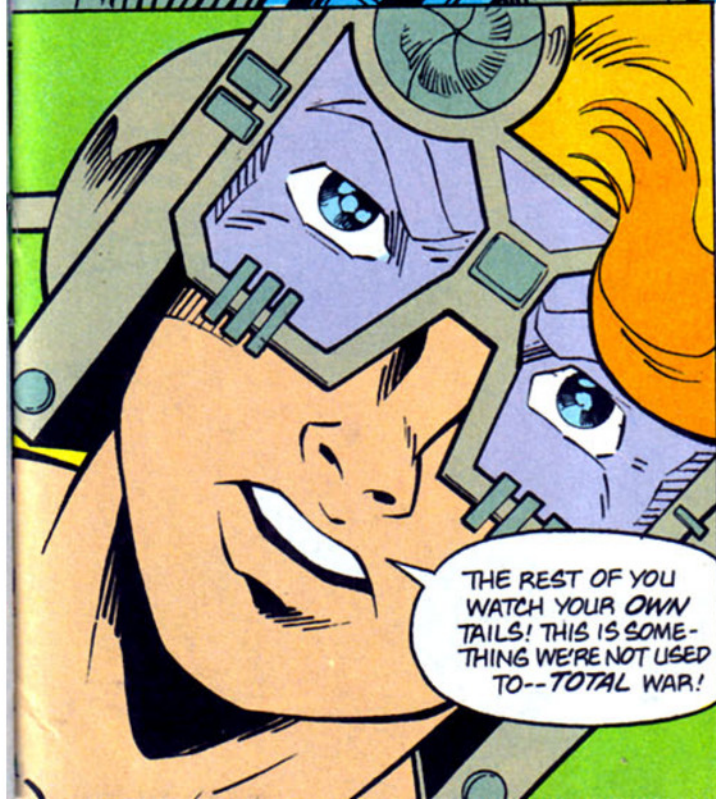
IT LOOKS LIKE
OUR GAMMARAUDE
PLAYMATES ARE
FINALLY COMING OUT!
REMEMBER, GUYS, I
WON THE TOSS!

YEAH, BUT DANT
JEERBLADE GETS
TO HELP CLEAN UP!

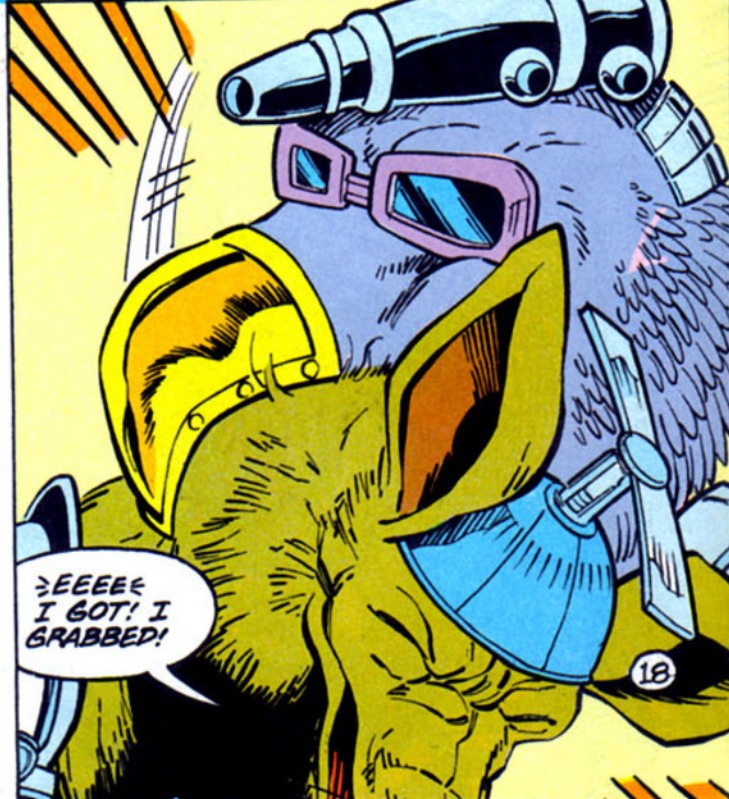


JOK! YOU GUYS ARE
STILL WOUNDED! LET
ME HANDLE GRUZ!

UH-UH, RIDDLEY--
YOU'RE WOUND TOO
TIGHT ON SLASH!
LET ME!



THE REST OF YOU
WATCH YOUR OWN
TAILS! THIS IS SOME-
THING WE'RE NOT USED
TO-- TOTAL WAR!



>EEEE
I GOT! I
GRABBED!

DWEEMISH,
I THINK WE CAN
BEST HELP BY KEEPING
THESE PESKY HOVER-
TANKS OUT FROM THE
MAIN FIGHTING, DON'T
YOU THINK?

DREAM
ON, LITTLE
NIGEL--! WHAT
SHALL IT BE?



THE MEGA
SPECTRAL LASER
OR THE NEO-
NUCLEAR FLAMER?

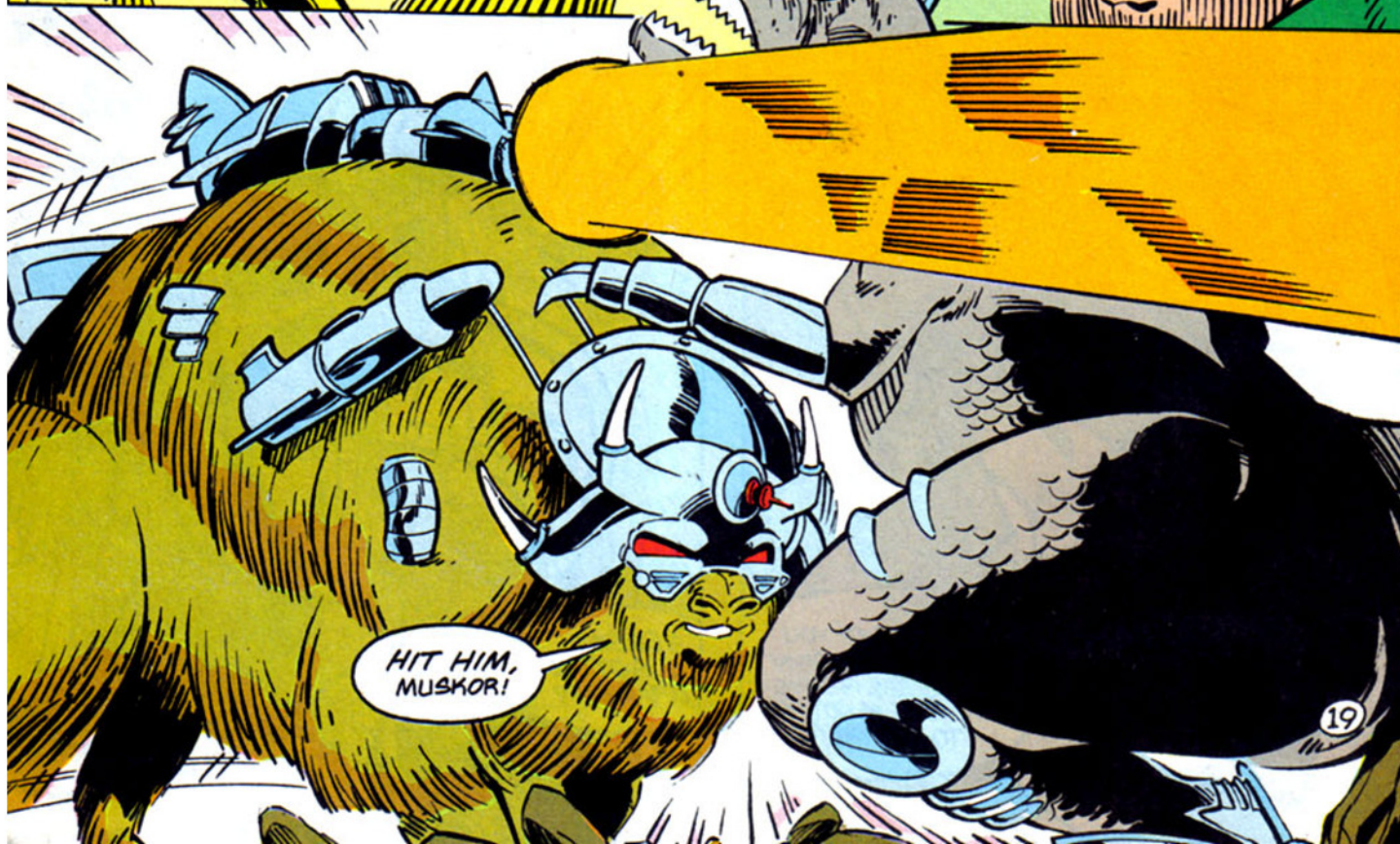
AH, THERE'S
NOTHING I LIKE
BETTER THAN AN
UNFAIR FIGHT!



AND THERE'S
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER
THAN SOMEONE LEAVING
HIMSELF WIDE OPEN OUT
OF ARROGANCE, PSI
VEGAR!



WHA--? NANSE? ELVIN,
WHEEL LEFT, YOU NASTY
EXTINCT LUMP OF--



HIT HIM,
MUSKORI!



HANDLERS!
ADMIRAL HAYNES
ORDERS YOU TO
FALL BACK! FALL
BACK!



WELL, YOU
HEARD THE MAN,
WHAT DO YOU
SAY WE DO?

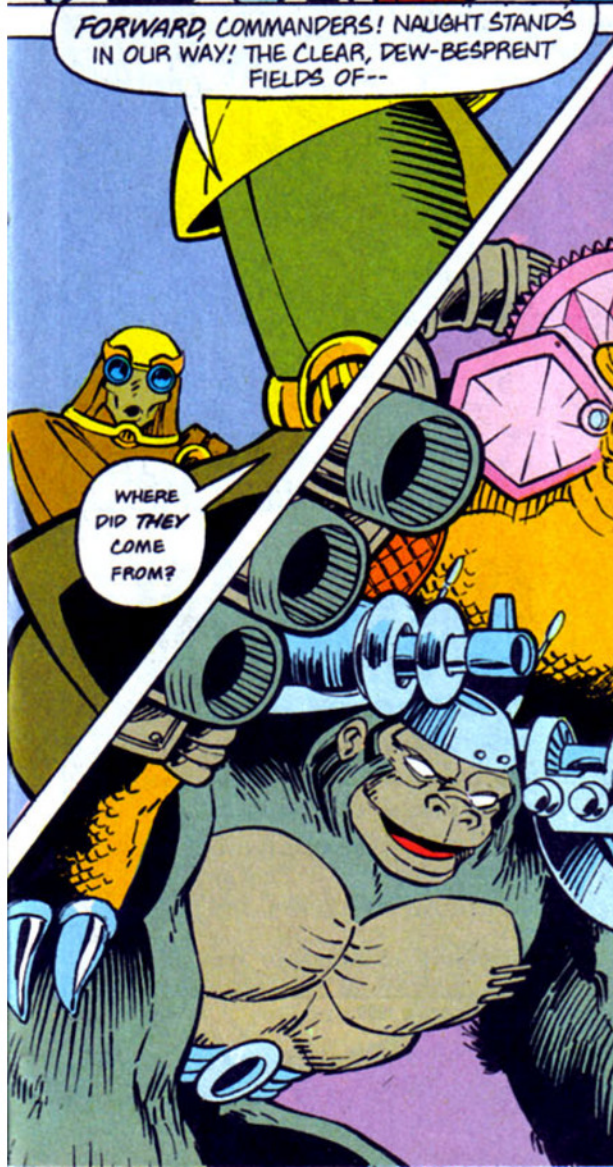
I'D SAY WE
FALL BACK--BACK
ON TOP OF THE
SLUGNOIDS!

McMANN,
YOU ARE AN
APPALLING
LOUT--

I'M
RUBBER
AND YOU'RE
GLUE,
PRINCESS.

--BUT YOUR
INSTINCTS ARE
RELIABLE.

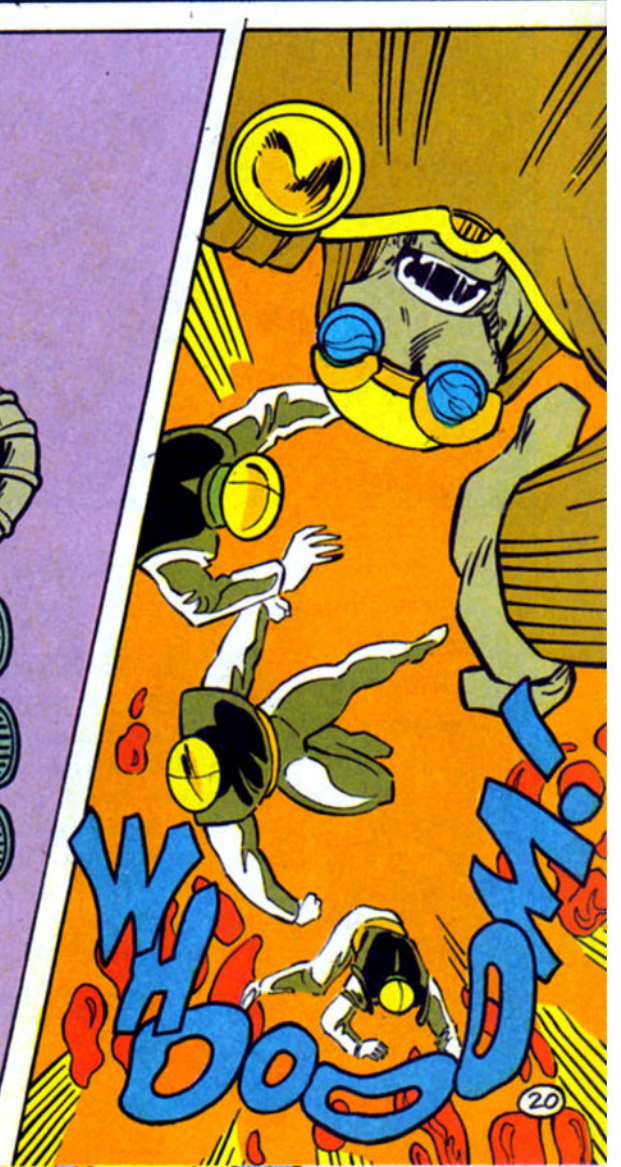
LET'S
HIT
'EM!



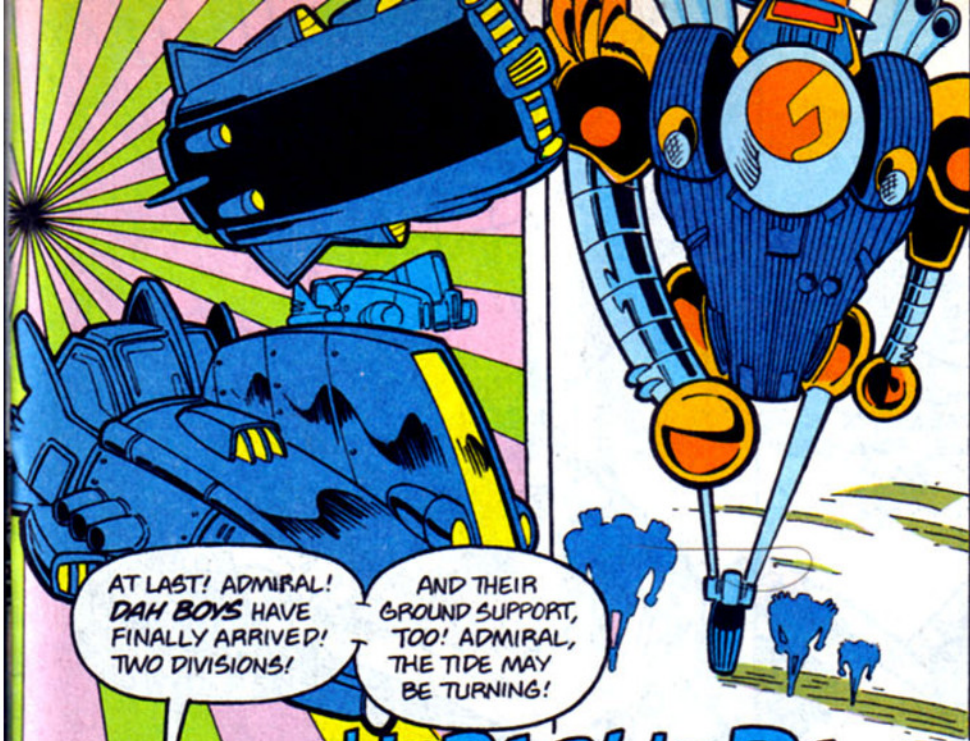
FORWARD, COMMANDERS! NAUGHT STANDS
IN OUR WAY! THE CLEAR, DEW-BESPRENT
FIELDS OF--

SAY
GOODNIGHT,
GRACIE!

WHERE
DID THEY
COME
FROM?



WHOOO!



AT LAST! ADMIRAL!
DAH BOYS HAVE
FINALLY ARRIVED!
TWO DIVISIONS!

AND THEIR
GROUND SUPPORT,
TOO! ADMIRAL,
THE TIDE MAY
BE TURNING!

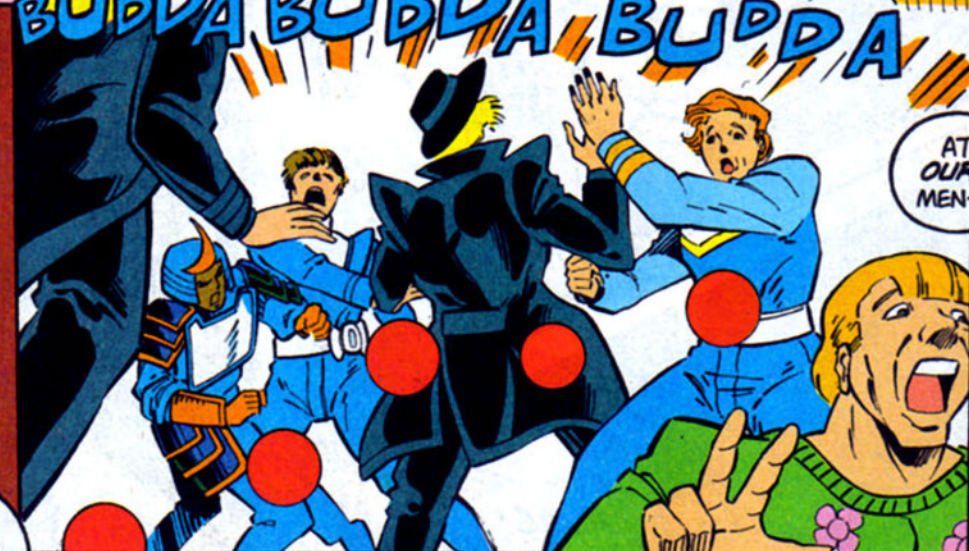


AWRIGHT, BOYS--
LET'S SHOW DESE
JERKS WHAT DEETROIT
STEEL KIN DO!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA



THEY'RE
MAKING THEIR
PASS NOW
SIR! THEY'RE
FIRING--



AT
OUR
MEN--!



THOSE
TRAITOROUS
SCUM! THEY'VE
BETRAYED US TO
THE FORCES OF
DARKNESS!

WELL, WE
HAVE NO
CHOICE--WE
NEVER HAD
ANY CHOICE!



"WE FIGHT--TO
THE LAST MAN!"

AND SINCE THOSE
PIGHEADED HANDLERS
HAVE LEFT US WITHOUT
A REAR GUARD, LET
THE BLOOD OF EACH
MAN THAT FALLS BE
ON A HANDLER'S
HEAD!

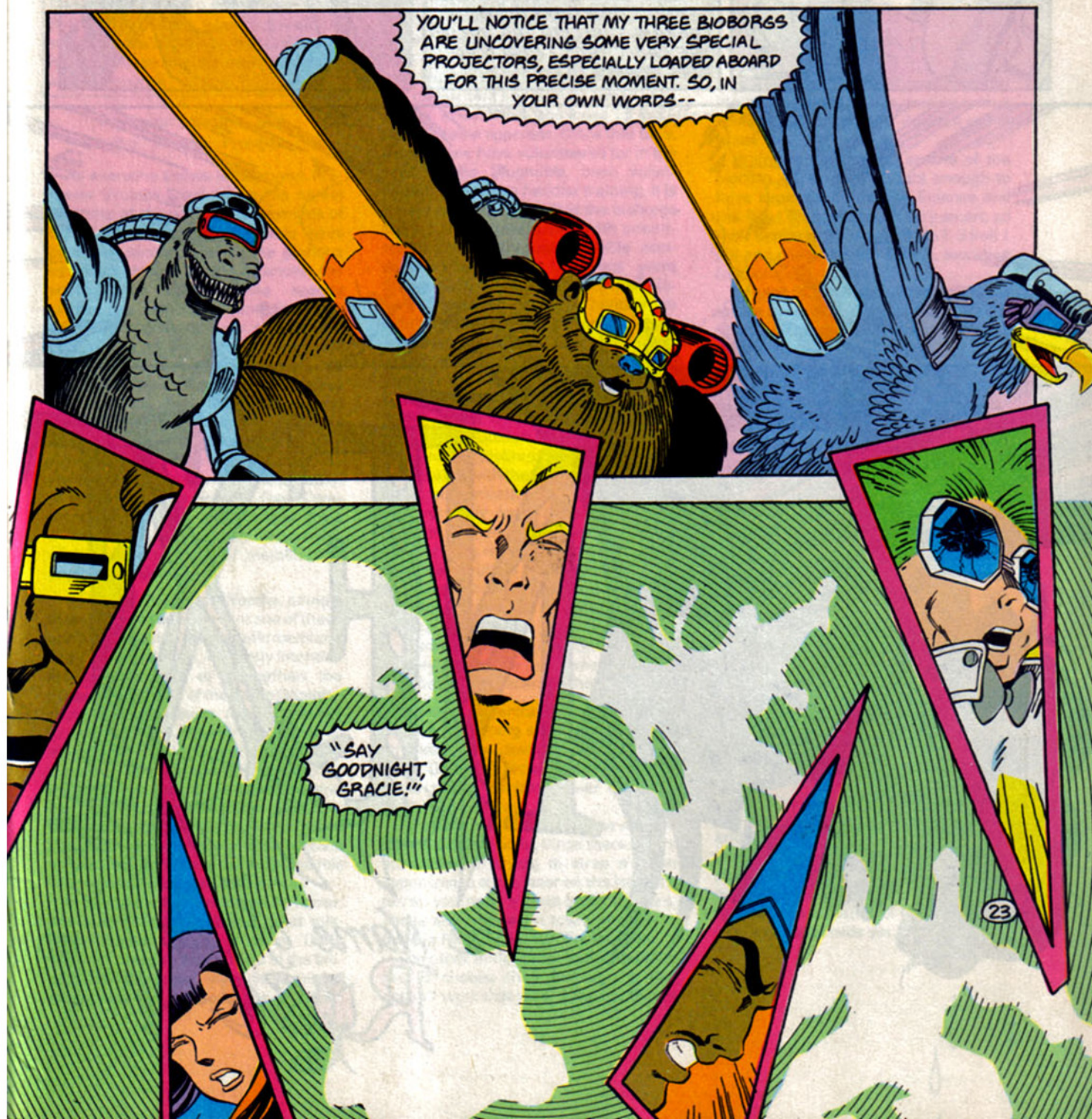
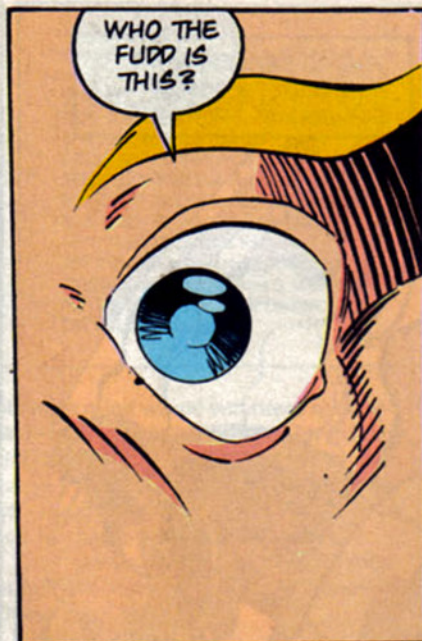
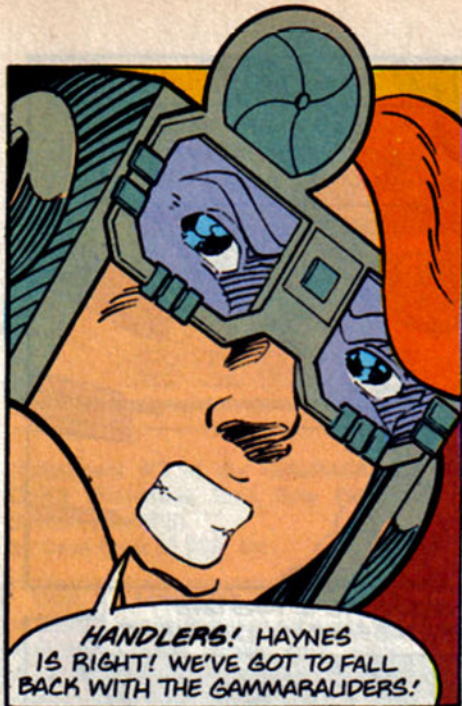
SOMETHING
TELLS ME
HE'S MAD.

SOMETHING
TELLS ME ~~WE'RE~~ IN
TROUBLE, HOAG! GRUZ
AND SCAV!

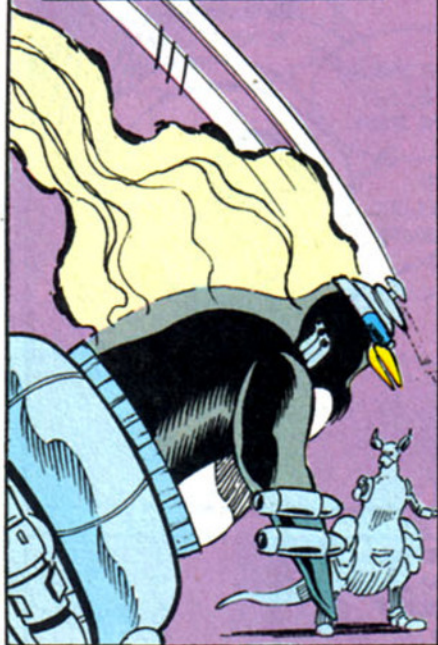
NO WORRIES,
MATE! I'VE TAKEN
WORRRRRRRRR

HOAG!

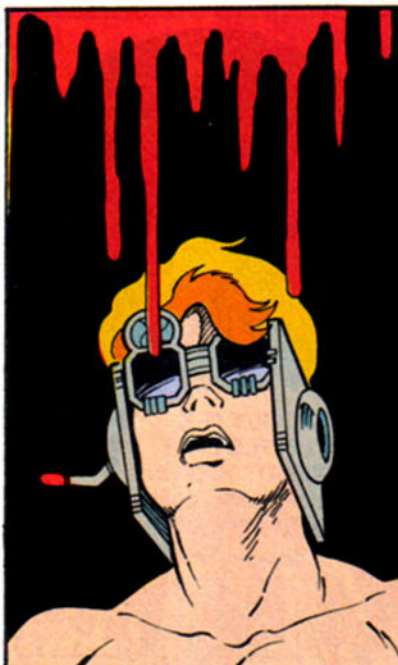
RIGHT IN
HIS WOUNDED
AREA--HOAG, OH
ELVIS, HOAG--!



"AND I SAW EVEN THE
MAMMOTH FORM OF
SQUAWWK TOPPLING--"



"--AND I SAW SOMETHING
LEAKING THROUGH THE TOP OF
THE CABIN THAT I REALIZED
WAS HOAG'S BLOOD--"



"--AND EVERYTHING
GOT VERY BRIGHT
AND VERY LOUD--!"

"I KNEW THERE WAS ONE
LAST, DESPERATE CHANCE--"



"OR MAYBE NOT...!"

NEXT
ISSUE!

The Name of the
Rose--!

THE GAMMARAUDERS COMIC BOOK

DC COMICS INC.
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103

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across the video waves once again.
According to factoid analysis, you have
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GAMMARAUDERS (Extremely Tiny)
Roleplaying System, wherein the nature
of bioborg handlers was explained. Now
it's time to get into the really important
stuff—bioborgs.

Professor Womba and the Womba Process

As everyone knows (except you), Professor Womba (revered be his name) was one of the most brilliant minds of the Gamma Age. Innumerable have been his contributions to the glorious re-enlightenment of the sciences: the pepto-atomic cannon, the speedy seltzer gas combustor, and the four-door hydro drive-through shower are only a few of the wonders from his fertile brain. But greatest of all his inventions was the Womba Process (Pat. Pending, Reg. Mark), the secret method responsible for the creation of the great bioborgs. Although the technique is highly technical and secret, the principal phase involves the application of the mysterious Sputnik Gap. Combined with highly confidential toxic chemicals, bioborgization is accomplished—the melding of metallic and organic components.

Of course, Professor Womba, being a true Gammarauder and not one of these mercenary handlers or fanatic members of a Cryptic Alliance, naturally intended his creation only to strengthen the peaceful purposes of the rising Gammarauders confederation. Alas, it was not to work that way. Shortly after developing his first working prototype, Elvin the Tyrexian, Slugnoid agents broke into his laboratory and stole his formulae and his prototype. In the ensuing escape, Professor Womba was tragically struck down, accidentally stomped on by Elvin as the bioborg left the lab. His loss has been greatly mourned ever since.

In taking the first prototype, however, the Slugnoids had made a great mistake—indeed, several of them. There were unforeseen side effects of the bioborgization process. Most disastrous of these was the development of intelli-

gence, admittedly a pretty basic and destructive one, in the bioborg. Elvin quickly became more than the Slugnoids could handle. Just as they were about to carry their major attack on Gammarauders Central, Elvin decided he was fed up with their bullying. His decision (and his method of expressing his displeasure) sent the Slugnoid forces streaming for the hills. Unwittingly, Elvin had saved the day and all the Cryptic Alliances were quick to perceive the value of the bioborgs. The bioborg race was on.

Of course, there was still the problem of a malcontent and heavily armed Elvin on the loose. Thus, the need for handlers became apparent. Since that time, a select few have volunteered (or in the case of the Slugnoids, been volunteered) for bioborg handler training. It is a risky process, given that the bioborgs show their dissatisfaction with unsuitable handlers through suitable accidents. Indeed, the Lab Rats went through 250 volunteers before their bioborg Dweemish found a handler he didn't try to stuff into his cheek pouches.

Bioborg handlers, like Jok Tads-worth, retain control of their charges through the second side-effect, a specialized extra-sensory radio perception (ESRP in the language of the ancient ones of the Golden Age) that develops between the bioborgs and those in long association with them. This is more than just communication, for the two soon discover they have certain character traits in common. Fortunately for the handlers, the rather simple minds of the bioborgs result in the bioborgs mainly adopting most handler traits. (Some detractors claim that Riddley McCann's general insufferable thick-headedness is a pickup from Onko the Gorillian, that Riddley was really much more reasonable before he became a handler.)

To better understand the relationship between a bioborg and his handler, the factoids have devised the following rules. Given the factoids, this will either make things perfectly clear or hopelessly confuse you.

To create a bioborg, you first need to have a suitable body. Since there is very little point in trying to strap a 3-ton hyper-inviso static laser on the back of a ferret, you need a giant-sized creature. These aren't found in town, only out in the Big Nada. Have fun finding one.

The other thing is that handlers never get to choose their bioborgs. It just doesn't work that way. What handler in

his right mind would volunteer to babysit an overgrown hamster or an insouciant kangaroo? Consequently, in the game, handlers are assigned bioborgs according to the whim of the Keeper (the guy in charge). Again, have fun.

Once the bioborg is assigned, it needs numerical stats, just like the handler. These stats are:

Bod
Brains
Control
Armament
Power

Bod is the measure of size and fighting ability. Since you're dealing with a 60-foot plus critter, the Bod roll is 1-6 times ten.

Brains is the general smarts of the bioborg. (They aren't bright enough to have separate entries for Science and the like.) Bioborgs aren't very smart, so their Brains score ranges from 1-3 (roll 1 die and divide the result by 2, rounding fractions up).

Control is the bioborg's willpower to ignore the orders of its handler and even make him do things he doesn't want. It can range from 1 to 6.

Armament is just how many different weapons the little devil can have at one time. This number is equal to one-tenth the bioborg's Bod score. Of course, the bioborg can change its weapons for others back in the shop any time it has the opportunity.

Power is the number of pods the bioborg can eat without becoming seriously ill. Pods are the all-important fuel source for the bioborg's weapons (and most everything else). Eat even one too many and the bioborg is disabled with indigestion. Scores range from 2 to 12 (roll 2 dice).

Finally, there is the matter of complexes. Just like their handlers, bioborgs have them, too. These are secretly decided by the Keeper. It's not one of those things that the handler knows. Normally, the complex should be related to the handler's complex, since the two are related. For example, Onko and Gruz just do not get along, just like Riddley and Slash. Dweemish is the social outcast of the bioborg corral and Hoag is susceptible to Cupid's arrows. Fortunately, he hasn't met the right kangaroo yet. (As a matter of fact, he hasn't met any kangaroos yet.)



The GAMMARAUDERS
(Extremely Tiny)
Role-Playing System: Part III

BLOWING THINGS UP

Well, now, looking at these notes provided by the factoids, you, faithful followers of the Gammarauders Airwaves, should be ready for action. So—
BIOBORGS ARE GO!!!
But first, a note about factoids.

Factoids

Fortunately, what we know about factoids is blissfully short. What we don't know is a pretty long list. We don't know where they came from or why they are here. We don't know if they are machines or animals. We don't know if they die, mate, get pregnant, eat, sleep, or even feel.

What we do know is that they answer questions and seem to have an amazing amount of knowledge. Apparently, they record everything they see and what one knows, 'most all others seem to know. They will answer any question put to them, making them invaluable for scientists, spies, and explorers.

They do have one teensy-tiny drawback (of course). They answer every question—completely and literally. Never, never ask a factoid what's new. It will follow you for the rest of your existence, displaying every new thing on its screen. Attempts to find out where they come from have proven equally futile. It is quite possible that factoids know everything in the universe. The problem is finding the right questions to ask.

A factoid will be able to answer any question on a die roll of 1-5. Only if a 6 is rolled is the factoid unable to supply information. In answering the question, the keeper never volunteers extra information and takes every opportunity to twist the intent of the question by being absolutely literal. Thus, if a factoid is asked, "Do you know the way to San Jose?" the answer is "Yes," and nothing more.

Have fun.

Doing Things

Whenever a handler or bioborg tries to do something difficult, you have to roll dice to see if you succeed. As every handler knows, nothing is for certain. The number of dice you roll and the number you need to succeed depends on the ability score you use. Most of the time the score you should use is obvious: for fighting you use Rumble, for figuring things out you use Science, for keeping

your bioborg from stomping the Astro Nightlite Drive-in when he gets over-excited during a showing of "Venusian Blacklist Babes" you use your Control.

To see if you succeed, you roll as many dice as are equal to the score of the ability used. If the ability is 5, you roll 5 dice. If it is 1, you roll 1 die. The ability score is also the number you want to roll on each die. If the ability is 5, you roll 5 dice and want to roll a 5 on each die. If the ability score is rolled on even 1 die, the attempt succeeds.

Sometimes doing things is harder or easier than normal. For these situations, the number of dice you roll is increased or decreased. Firing your neutronic blast pistol while running through a battle zone is harder than shooting at signs. In this situation, you would roll one die fewer, so instead of 5 dice you would roll 4. How to build a Bore-Head Blower Booster is something every kid learns in shop, so you roll 2 more dice if you tried to build one, increasing from 5 dice (if you had a 5 Science) to 7 dice. Changing the number of dice you need to roll doesn't affect the number on each die that you want to roll, however. In both examples, you would still need a 5 on one of the dice to succeed. All of this is an example of the scientific principle known as Fistfuls of Dice.

Rumbles and Other Brouhaha

Being a bioborg handler, you are going to get into a fight sooner or later—sooner, knowing most of you. To keep everything from becoming total chaos, there have to be some rules to control the fight. The following are the GAMMARAUDERS (Extremely Tiny) Role-playing Rules for Fighting.

1. Choose what you want to do.
2. Figure out who does what first.
3. Roll the dice for doing things.
4. Figure out how badly you hurt the other guy.
5. Don't punch below the belt unless you're a Slugoid.

What Can I Do?

You can do just about anything reasonable (and some things unreasonable). Just tell your keeper and he will tell you whether you can try that. You can only do one basic thing (shoot, run, shoot and run, etc.) in a turn.

Who Goes First?

To give fighting some kind of order, so you know who gets to do what when, everyone rolls dice against their Control.

The person who makes the most successful rolls (i.e. rolls his Control score) goes first and so on until everyone has a chance to act. If no one rolls his score, the person who rolled the most dice goes first and so on. If it is a tie, those characters do everything all at once. (In a really big fight, you can simplify this to one roll for the Good Guys and one roll for the Bad Guys, using the best score on each side.)

After you know who goes first, you make a roll for doing things just as we explained. Things that can change your chance of success are listed below. Remember, these add to or subtract from the number of dice you roll.

Shooting while Moving	-1
Taking Careful Aim	+1 next shot
Shooting at Someone	
Hiding Behind Something	
Small	-1
Shooting at Someone	
Hiding Behind Something	
Large	-2
Shooting at Something	
Great Big (Like a Bioborg)	+4

Range

To punch somebody, or for Natasha to strangle the living daylights out of Rid-dley, the handlers have to be standing beside each other—the technical term being Real Close. To shoot something with a blaster, gun, or Spectral Laser, the target must be in range. Each weapon has a range given in feet. If the target is within that distance, you can blast it. If not, get closer. (This is a simple game. We don't mess with different types of ranges. You see it, you shoot it.)

Getting Hurt

If you hit a target, you have to see how badly you hurt it. This changes depending on just how you are fighting. When punching, kicking, or otherwise using your body, you do 1 point of Bod damage for each successful die roll you make. If your Bod is greater than your Rumble, you add one to this result. Kicking a Bioborg into submission will take a long time.

If you are using a weapon, you roll as many dice of damage as the weapon description calls for. This could be a little bit or a whole lotta points.

When a handler or Bioborg's points reach 0, he is Hors d' Combat and out of play (until the next Big Scene Change).

NEXT ISSUE: HOW TO END THINGS!

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VIGILANTE
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